

B'nai B'rith Magazine

Volume XXXIX, No. 12

SEPTEMBER, 1925



Have *the* Jews an Inferiority Complex?

By A. A. Roback

Jews of the Levant

By Xenophon

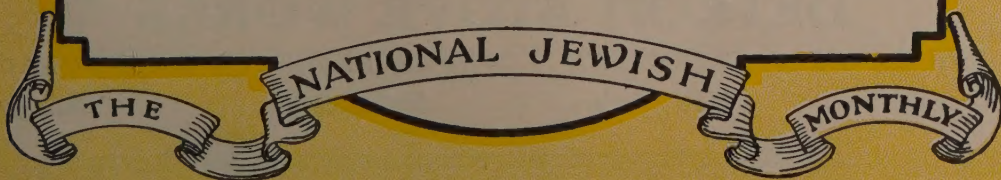
Jewish Women *in* Modern Times

By Sarah Goldberg

Bryan's Only Unspoken Speech

By Joel Blau

*Beginning "Hannah's Children" — a
Novel by Yossef Gaer*



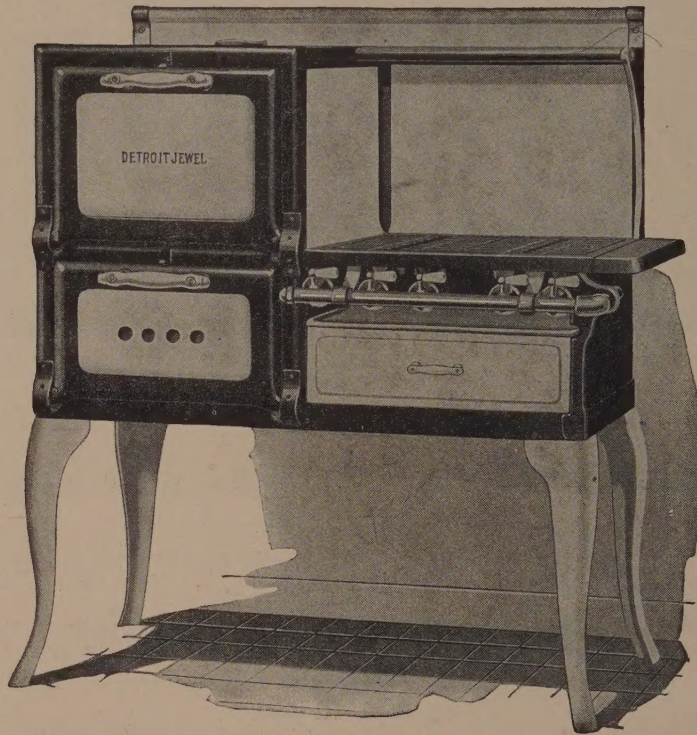
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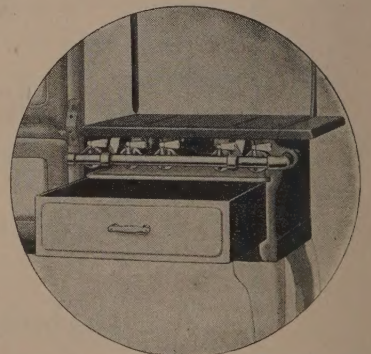
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Contributors' Columns

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bringing about that greater harmony which does not distinguish between race or religion. Our advertisers help bring about this greater harmony by advertising in the magazine. They deserve and we feel certain they will receive your support. *Kindly see that they get it.*

YOSSEF GAER, whose novel of Bessarabian Jewish life begins in this issue, has written the following biographical sketch:

"If there be any truth in the testaments of superstition none of the gentler assurances of numerology can spare me—for I was born a thirteenth member of a family where there were twelve too many already. For fifteen years I persisted in an environment similar to that of Yanovke, the major part of my time, after I began to walk and talk, being consumed by the pursuit of learning—the Pentateuch and its varied interpretations, Talmudic lore and modern Hebrew. My mother hoped I would become a rabbi and dreamt of my going to Jerusalem; but my brothers decided in favor of the medical profession and shipped me to Winnipeg, Canada. After lengthy training as clerk, tailor, brander, usher, farm-hand and many other occupations, including editorial and messenger work, I became a writer.

"In other words: I am 28; born in Bessarabia, Russia; attended Wesley College, University of Minnesota and the University of Southern California, and graduated from none; contributed poetry, one-acts, and sketches to a number of magazines; am one of the editors of *Four*, an experimental poetry magazine; and am at present in New York angling for a publisher

for my accumulated one-acts and novels."

SARAH GOLDBERG is a graduate student at Columbia University, where she is working for her doctor's degree in philosophy. Born in Russia, she came to this country as a child and was educated at the University of Missouri and Washington University. Her

chology and allied subjects. His books are widely used as texts in colleges and universities.

JOEL BLAU, a favorite with readers of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, is rabbi of Congregation Peni El, of New York, a frequent contributor to American and Jewish-American periodicals, the author of "The Wonder of Life," and probably the only rabbi who conducts a syndicated "colyum."

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present article is the last of four studies of the social history of Jewish women. The first article, "Jewish Women and the Bible," appeared in the April number of the Magazine.

DR. A. A. ROBACK is a member of the department of psychology at Harvard University, the author, editor and translator of a large number of books and articles, principally on psy-

though the magazine is the official organ of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, subscription to it is not compulsory. Members who do not believe it worth the fifty cents charged for it may relieve themselves of further subscription payments by sending a statement to that effect on their stationery to the editorial office.

XENOPHON is the pen name of one who has been for many years a student of Jewish life in the Levant. Because of his official connections, however, he prefers to write under an assumed name, so that he will be free to express his personal opinions without the embarrassment of hostile criticism.

THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE goes to members of the order for the nominal sum of fifty cents a year. Non-members pay one dollar a year. Al-

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Alfred M. Cohen, editor; Victor Rubin, assistant editor; Max Heller, Samuel S. Cohon, Max L. Margolis, Felix A. Levy, David Philipson, Morris Fishbein, Martin A. Zielonka, contributing editors.



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THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XXXIX

SEPTEMBER, 1925

NUMBER 12

Progress of Events

The High Holy Days

TISHRI—month of fasting and atonement. The days grow short. The leaves turn and fall. The flower fades. The vine and olive and date palm have yielded their fruit of purple, green and gold, and now sleep. The birds wheel northward. A mist rises from the fields, which await the sowing of next year's seed. The old year is dying.

Now the new moon of the coming year rises. Let the old sins die!

"Awake and ponder your deeds; remember your Creator, return to him in penitence. Be not of those who reach out after shadows, and waste years seeking vain things which cannot profit or deliver. Look well to your souls and consider your acts; forsake each of you his evil ways and thoughts, and return to God that he may have mercy upon you."

It is *Rosh Hashanah*, the time to measure your deeds in the scale of your duty to God, knowing that the Ruler of Life weighs the deeds of men, as the husbandman weighs the fruit of the harvest. It is the day of reckoning, when balances for the past year are struck and a new page in the book of Life is opened.

* * * * *

The nights lengthen. Nine of the ten penitential days have passed and it is *Yom Kippur*, day of prayer, of fasting and atonement. In the synagogues, the pulpits are covered with white and the voice of the cantor is raised in the *Kol Nidre*.

"On the tenth day of this seventh month is the *Day of Atonement*, a holy convocation shall it be unto you, and ye shall fast; and ye shall offer an offering made by the fire unto the Lord. And no manner of work shall ye do on this same day; for it is a day of atonement before the Lord, your God."

Those whose sins have weighed too

A Message from the President

I GLADLY avail myself of the opportunity which the Magazine affords of expressing to you my good wishes on the approaching solemnly joyous season. Thousands of you enheartened me with messages brimful of encouragement when I became President of the B'nai B'rith. I know that the sentiments thus conveyed are shared by all the members of our Order. I am profoundly grateful.

My prayer addressed on high is that all mankind may be blessed with a year of peace and sufficiency; that to each and all of you and your households may be vouchsafed love, health and contentment; that our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom and mercy may prosper our worthwhile undertakings, and that we may so aspire as to justify us in imploring Him to establish the work of our hands, yea the work of our hands, O God, establish Thou it.

L'Shono Tovo.

A happy New Year to all of you!

ALFRED M. COHEN,
President.

heavily in the scales on *Rosh Hashanah* may still strike a balance by atonement.

But no longer does the blood of the bullock wash away impiety, and no longer are the sins of the community heaped upon the head of a goat who flees into the wilderness.

"Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? . . . Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body

for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

The blast of the *Shofar* dies away. His sins confessed and atonement made, purged of sin and his eternal pact with God renewed, the regenerated Jew faces the New Year and its new obligations.

The Golden Jubilee of Hebrew Union College

RABBIS and lay lecturers, in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Hebrew Union College, plan to recount the history of the Jew in America, in a series of sermons and addresses. Rabbi Lee J. Levinger, a Union alumnus, former army chaplain and now director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at Ohio State University, has prepared a syllabus outlining this history from the time that the first Jew, a member of the crew of Christopher Columbus, set foot on American soil.

Should any Kleagles happen to read the reports of these addresses—as they are not likely to do—they would learn for the first time that Jews came to the New World before any Nordics, that they lived in New York before the English, that they were the first settlers in the state that brought forth the Klan, that they fought under Washington in the French and Indian and the Revolutionary Wars and that they gave more than their share in wealth and blood in defense of their country in every subsequent war.

At any rate Jewish youngsters—and perhaps their parents, in some cases—will find these facts new and take fresh pride in both their religion and in their racial origin.

At Cincinnati, tribute will be paid

by prominent Jews assembled from all parts of the United States to both the College and its founder. Appropriately enough, services will be held in the same Plum Street Temple, in the basement of which the first classes of the College met. Addresses will be delivered by Alfred M. Cohen, president of the Independent Order B'nai B'rith, who is chairman of the board of governors of the College; by Dr. Julius Morgenstern, president of the institution, and by Dr. David Philipson, only living member of the first graduating class.

Fifty years ago Hebrew Union College was little more than a dream in the mind of Isaac Mayer Wise. Its first class consisted of sixteen preparatory students who met in the basement of Plum Street Temple. In 1883, eight years later, its first graduating class numbered only four rabbis. Today Hebrew Union College boasts of four buildings, an extensive library, a distinguished faculty and an alumni body which includes 225 rabbis, many of whom occupy leading pulpits in every state of the Union.

Establishment of the College was largely the triumph of a single man. "He had scarcely arrived in Cincinnati," we read in the sketch of Isaac Mayer Wise which appears in the *Jewish Encyclopedia*, "when, with his characteristic energy, he set to work to establish a college in which young men could receive a Jewish education."

With the support of influential Jews of Cincinnati and adjacent towns, we read, he founded the Zion Collegiate Association, in 1855. When this society, however, proved unequal to the task of establishing a Jewish college, he began a campaign in favor of such an institution and of a union of all American Jews, in the columns of the *Israelite*, of which he was editor. The result of this agitation was a conference of rabbis in Cleveland the same year,—but dissension among the rabbis prevented consummation of the plan. Other conferences followed—in Philadelphia, in New York, in Cincinnati—without success. In the meantime the editorials in the *Israelite* continued.

In 1872, Henry Adler, of Lawrenceburg, Indiana offered \$10,000 for the establishment of a rabbinical college. This crystallized sentiment in favor of the plan for which Rabbi Wise had spent so many years' effort, and delegates from thirty-four congregations assembled in Cincinnati to establish a Hebrew theological institution and to promote Jewish learning. In this way the Union of American Hebrew Congregations came into existence.

The College was opened in October, 1875—just twenty years after Wise's original plan had failed—with Rabbi Wise as president. It was not only a remarkable victory for one then recognized as the leading figure in American Jewry, but a mile-stone in the history of American Jewry itself.

It is an unusually fitting tribute to the memory of Rabbi Wise that the history, in which he played so important a part for more than a half century, be now so extensively reviewed.

Mr. Lewis Resigns — Dr. Bogen Enters

MR. LEON L. LEWIS, Secretary of the B'nai B'rith since the death of Mr. A. B. Seelinfreund a little more than two years ago, finding it impossible to transfer his residence to Cincinnati, the future headquarters of the Order, tendered his resignation to President Cohen. Mr. Lewis was efficient in the performance of his many duties and his retirement is regretted by his colleagues in office, who join the many friends he made during his period of service, in wishing him well in the future.

When President Cohen learned that the decision of Mr. Lewis to retire was unalterable, he tendered the office to Dr. Boris D. Bogen, international authority on Jewish social service and an expert in secretarial work. Dr. Bogen has accepted the appointment and will enter upon the discharge of his duties in the Fall.

Dr. Bogen is perhaps the best known Jewish social worker in the world. He is an author of recognized ability. Emigrating from Russia in 1891, he completed his education in New York. For a dozen years he was engaged in the educational field, serving in turn the Educational Alliance, New York; Baron de Hirsch Trade School; Hebrew Technical Institute, and as principal of the Baron de Hirsch Agricultural School.

From 1904 to 1912 Dr. Bogen was superintendent of the Federation of Jewish Charities in Cincinnati. During three years thereafter he was field secretary of the National Conference of Jewish Charities. In the beginning of the War he served as commissioner of the Joint Distribution Committee in Holland, and subsequently was the head of the relief work in Poland and other European countries, occupying the post of director general of the Joint Distribution Committee. After the close of

the War and until 1923 he was director of the Joint Distribution Committee in Russia. At present he is the executive director of the Jewish welfare organizations of Los Angeles, which position he is now resigning to become secretary of the B'nai B'rith.

In accepting the call of President Cohen, Dr. Bogen said: "Service in connection with the Independent Order B'nai B'rith presents a privilege of serious import. World Jewry is longing for unity. Various forces are at work in this direction. Neither the synagogue nor specific philanthropic activities, nor educational, national or social endeavors can serve this particular purpose, for they are limited in scope and restricted in application. Only an organization free from these limitations, unrestricted in content, dynamic in its functions, uniting Jews as Jews, has the potentiality of becoming a unifying force for a World Jewry.

"The Jews have contributed a great deal to social service. They pioneered in the field of federation. They initiated the method for the care of widows and children outside of institutions. They were in the van-guard in the treatment of tuberculosis. Their next contribution should be democratization of service.

"The Independent Order B'nai B'rith because of its democratic structure, with its constantly increasing membership united for the sole purpose of serving, alive to current needs, be they religious, cultural or philanthropic, presents a potentiality of becoming the unifying force of World Jewry. These views prompted me to accept as a privilege the tender made me by the President of the B'nai B'rith to become its Secretary."

The Sentimental Mr. Levy

SENTIMENTAL Mr. Levy, of Long Branch, New Jersey, and New York City, pays the former city's assessment of \$600 for a paving tax, and thus saves St. James' Protestant Episcopal Church from the auctioneer's hammer. In transmitting the check to the bishop coadjutor of New Jersey in Mr. Levy's behalf, Bernard Sandler declares that the sale of the chapel at which six presidents of the United States have worshipped, would be a "sacrilege." "It has become a national shrine in a way, the Westminster Abbey of America. Neither Mr. Levy nor myself belongs to your religious faith, but we both worship the same God."

(Continued on Page 2, Supplement)

First Installment of

Hannah's Children

—A Story of Jewish Life in Bessarabia—

By Yossef Gaer

(Copyright, 1925, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE)

Illustration by Lowry

Hannah and Moyshele



Yanovke Chapter I

YOU will not find it on the map. But should you chance to trudge the muddy roads of Russia along the borderland of Roumania, you may accidentally come upon a decaying post which bears a weatherbeaten sign informing those who care to know that the town on the slope of the hill is named Yanovke—inhabited by five thousand souls. And not more than fifty yards away the information is verified by the beginning of the town which runs down to the very bottom of the hill and spreads along the entire base. Covered with tottering, odd-sized mud-cottages, which grow denser towards the center and fewer at the edges, the hill seems as if it were a plain, tipped in the attempt to throw off the mass of buildings, and that the frightened structures grip desperately to keep from rolling downhill.

The alleys between these helter-

skelter dwelling are narrow, crooked, and uninviting. You may turn to your right and follow the road to Lipcove—eighteen *versts* east. But should you decide to descend into Yanovke, you will soon find that the main road loses itself in innumerable lanes. After advancing some distance into the town, dodging fences and trespassing private yards, you are certain to reach a blind alley that makes further advance impossible. You will be forced to retrace your steps and try another branch, which will probably end with no better success. And not until you have grasped the puzzling design of the network of lanes and alleys will you be able to make your way to the spacy market that is the heart of Yanovke. Often your passage will be blocked by a number of pigs from the village nearby that snoop among the garbage which the inhabitants of Yanovke have thrown into the streets. But more often you will have to press against a wall or hurriedly draw into a corner

to give the right of way to a passing team.

Coming and going from the houses, you will notice men, women, and children, round-shouldered from constantly trudging in the mud, and for the most part dressed in rags. All the faces are religiously severe. And the grandmother who leads her little granddaughter across the street has no sadder and graver expression than the child she is leading. As you wander from lane to lane and from street to street you will see the same sombre faces, the same dress, the same behavior. And it will seem to you that all of Yanovke is inhabited by one large family that has monopolized the town and permitted no strangers into their midst.

To all appearances these people are beggars. The absence of shops, stalls, or tradesmen in any of the lanes may lead you to suspect that the population of Yanovke subsists by begging alms from one another. But as soon as you arrive in the market-place you will discover that your assumption is only partially correct. For, unless you reach the market on any of the innumerable Jewish Holidays, you will find it swarmed with merchants, horse-dealers, brokers, tradesmen and shop-keepers who enumerate the praises of their wares in a high octave and bargain loudly with their customers.

The market is circular. Four streets run into it from four opposite sides and many alleys terminate between the stalls. Encircling the market are the stores of the town. The owners, wives and children assisting, call their wares to the passers-by and pull by the sleeves the peasants who have come to

town shopping. Towards the center are the travelling emporiums. These have their wares displayed on collapsible tables and compete with the shopkeepers. At the sides of these temporary displays and in between them are the chicken-dealers, the fruit-stands and the vegetable stalls. And amongst them all and everywhere are beggars. There are the established beggars who have inherited their stations in the market-place and which they value as the merchant his stock-in-trade; there are the beggars who post themselves everywhere and anywhere until they are driven from their places; there are wandering beggars who drag themselves with outstretched hands between the peasants and the dealers; and there are the transient beggars who disappear as soon as they are fortunate enough to secure the price of a glass of wine. There are young beggars, there are old beggars; there are beggars that sing; beggars that play on a cross-breed between a violin and a mandolin; lame beggars, blind beggars; beggars in couples, in triplets, and in whole families; beggars that smile; beggars that curse incessantly. There are respectable beggars who will accept nothing less than a *kopek*; and those who for one-eighth of a *kopek* promise life hereafter in Heaven.

"NOO-NOO? Perhaps you take thirty *kopek*s for this duck for the Sabbath?" argues a Jewish woman with a peasant. "It has become the style for the farmer to think his goods worth their weight in gold!"

"Not even forty-nine and a half. Fifty *kopek*s gets the duck," the farmer replies.

"It is well worth it," the woman remarks in Yiddish to her neighbor, "but maybe I can get it for forty." Then she turns to the peasant: "I know you want forty *kopek*s, but no one would give it to you. Thirty-five is more than it is worth."

"Ten—ten *kopek*s a pound, women! Fresh, women, ten *kopek*s a pound!" screams a tall Jew with a goat-beard who weighs out fish from a large bucket in front of him.

"Two *kopek*s a bucket! Two *kopek*s a bucket! Fine apples!"

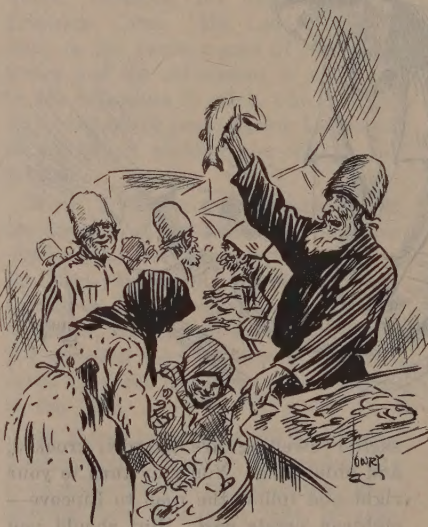
"Have mercy on a blind man, a father of ten children!"

"May a devil possess your father, you outcast, if I said a word to your customer! I only said that I sell the same fur cap fully ten *kopek*s cheaper, and it is just as good as yours. Does that mean that if he wants to buy

from you I would hold him by his coat-tails and wouldn't let him?"

The noise rises with the stench of refuse that is thrown about everywhere. The pigs rout beneath the stalls. Stray dogs hunt for bones and crumbs. Drunkards who appear from the wine-houses nearby fall into the mud. The crowd laughs; competitors quarrel; customers haggle and bargain. And the flux of Yanovke's subsistence is at its height.

Suddenly a crowd gathers about one spot. The attraction is often a fight between two drunkards. Sometimes it is an open-air performance. If it happens to be a performance a clown appears spreading a carpet on the ground whilst another attracts the crowd with a barrel-organ, and a third, in a suit of red and blue, supports a ladder on his stomach. A couple of



The Market Place

children climb the ladder and perform daring tricks to the scraping of the barrel-organ. Another man appears and swallows swords and flaming torches. And a girl in tights runs amongst the crowd with a green cap in her hand and asks for liberal offers from the onlookers. She humors the peasants with vulgar jokes and tickles them under their chins. The fight or the performance over, the crowd returns to its business.

Early Friday morning, or any morning the day previous to a Jewish holiday, Aleck the Crier, a tall broad-shouldered man with a tangled beard, appears in the market. "The bath-house, Jews, the bath-house!" he calls as he stumps along the established route. Merchants, traders and dealers

leave their businesses in the hands of the women or the smaller children, who are not obliged to perform the religious ceremony of bathing, and hurry to the bath-house.

This indispensable institution lies at the very outskirts of the town, at the bottom of the hill, where dead horses and cats decay to the elements. One side of the green roof of the bath-house rests directly on the ground and is broken in many places; the brick wall that supports the other side is completely in ruins and manages to keep upright only by virtue of the miraculous. Near the entrance of the huge underground room, dim with steam and sharp with the smell of "leaf-brooms," are a few damp wooden boxes. Across the room in strange disorder squat a number of movable wooden tubs crowded with couples and triplets of bathers. As each newcomer shivers across the slimy cement floor in search of an unoccupied or partly unoccupied tub, it is customary that he dip his foot in as many tubs as he passes, recording the temperature by a wild outcry—which flatters those who occupy them. In one corner of the room a pile of heated bricks supply the steam; a cement boiler, heated from the outside, furnishes the hot water; and the cold water is periodically supplied from a well outside by way of a trough that is pushed in through a window.

After having performed the pre-Sabbath ceremony of bathing, the people return to their businesses, where they continue to bargain and quarrel until Aleck the Crier appears again, ordering the stalls closed and business ended for the week. Then arises a bustle and the sound of hitching horses, packing goods, a whacking of whips and yelping dogs caught in the way of those in a hurry. Some fruit-sellers, determined to rid themselves of their remnants, yell at the highest pitch of their voices, offering all they have left to the highest bidder. They curse; they bargain rapidly; they clear the spot. The peasants depart; the dealers count their meagre profits; goods are packed away; stalls are removed and the storekeepers bolt their doors.

AND when Aleck the Crier appears the third time to announce that it is time to go to synagog, the market is totally deserted.

In the homes, men, women and children change clothes, comb, wash and

prepare for the Sabbath or the holiday. Work is forgotten; business is forgotten; the entire world outside is dismissed when the Second Soul of every Jew comes to dwell within him during God's Holy Day. Their faces change expression. The hated and menial duties give way to the beloved and holy activities of prayer and devotion. A beggar at his worst and a penny-dealer at his best in the material and economical world, the Yanovke Jew becomes a king as soon as he steps into his sphere of religion and intellectual devotion. Fearful of the least winds in the market-place, he knows no fear nor rival as soon as he enters his synagog or opens the old, old books of metaphysics and learning. The heavy mesh of ceremony and religious devotion that veils his meagre life is a great consolation to him. Though oppressed by an iron poverty, his rights taken from him, living constantly in the shadow of death, yet he is happy with his old culture, his traditions, his customs, his God.

Less than four hundred *versts* away Civilization spreads like an irrepressible fire, destroying everything that is old. But in Yanovke they are almost unaware of its existence. At rare intervals a spark of the Great Conflagration reaches them and disturbs their peace, but it is soon smothered and they continue their lives along the established paths.

And thus they live in Yanovke.

Caporohs

Chapter II.

AARON-ZEILIG adjusted his spectacles and looked again at the fowl that lay on the floor. There were a duck, a chicken and two roosters. The duck and chicken were white, but one of the roosters was copper-brown with metal-green wings. Aaron-Zeilig shook his head and pulled at his scanty beard.

"No, Leah, I don't like the idea," he grumbled. "It was the custom of my father, and my father's father, and my great-grandfather never to use any but white fowl for the atonements."

Leah, a large-bosomed woman of an indefinable age, straightened her back from the trough wherein she was kneading the holiday-bread, and turned her angry pock-marked face to her husband.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I told you, Leah, that I don't like that rooster for an atonement."

"Noo? Is what?" Leah defied.

"Is nothing," Aaron-Zeilig resignedly answered and left the kitchen.

A few minutes later he reappeared in the doorway and gazed sorrowfully at the bound fowl on the mud floor. He wished that the ceremony were over and the brown rooster out of his sight.

"LEAH, who's going to the slaughter-house tonight.

"Who goes? Our servants, perhaps? Of course Chaimke. Who else can go?"

"If Chaimke goes, Leah, let's get through early because there will be a great crowd there tonight."

"And maybe I'm hindering you? Call the children and I'll be ready in a minute."

"Then make it fast," Aaron-Zeilig grumbled as he left the kitchen.

Leah scraped the dough from her hands with a dull knife, and covered the trough with a cloth. From a large copper-dipper she poured some water on her hands and dried them on her dirty apron. Then she picked up the protesting fowl and entered the living room, where Aaron-Zeilig paced the room humming a New Year's tune as he tightened the silk girdle about his faded and spotted cloak.

"What are you looking for?" Leah asked Chaimke, a pale, serious-faced boy of twelve, who crouched near the built-in cupboard, the lower shelf of which served as a book-case.

"I can't find but one prayer-book," Chaimke complained peevishly.

"Let me see." Leah quickly deposited the fowl in the middle of the room and walking over to the cupboard pushed the boy aside. Chaimke resented his mother's gruff assistance and his face showed his disappointment when his mother pulled out the three prayer-books glaringly outstanding from the rest of the books on the shelf.

"Come, children, get ready," Aaron-Zeilig pleaded. But his daughter, Tzipoh, on her knees near the table, did not stir. She continued to polish the *samovar* and brass candle-sticks, working very energetically, and greatly annoyed at the remarks from her little sister, Feigele, who stood watching her.

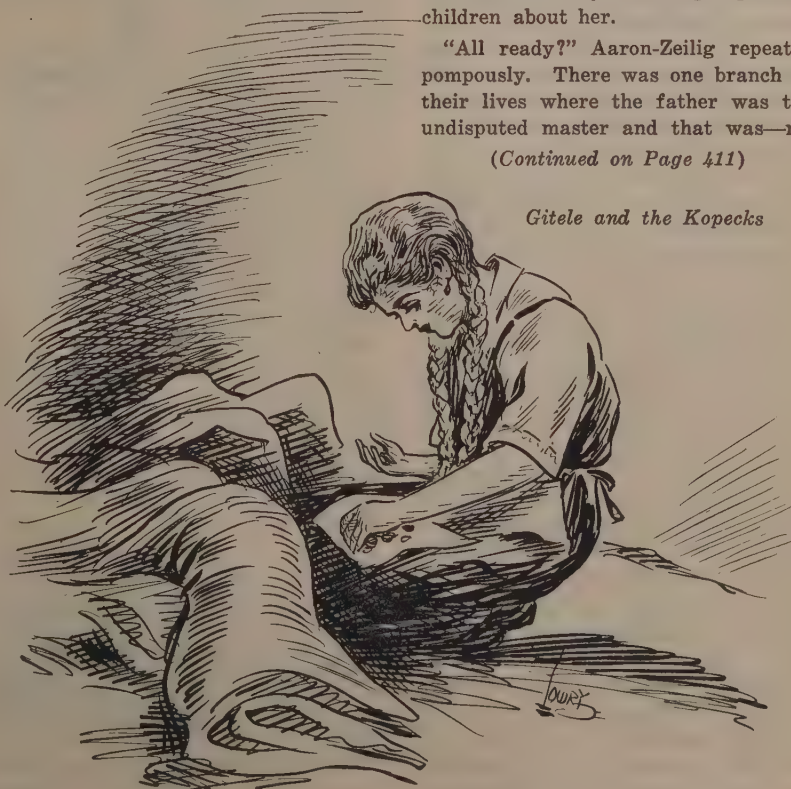
"Come," Leah commanded, "I have plenty of work to do. Let's hurry."

"ARE you all ready?" Aaron-Zeilig asked authoritatively.

"Certainly we are ready," Leah answered reverently as she grouped the children about her.

"All ready?" Aaron-Zeilig repeated pompously. There was one branch in their lives where the father was the undisputed master and that was—re-

(Continued on Page 411)



Gitele and the Kopecks

A Cross-Section of American Jewish News of the Month

Immigration

ONE person in four in the United States is "undesirable," according to Prof. Edward M. East, of Harvard University, who addressed the Institute of Politics, at Williamstown, Massachusetts. His "decatalogue of immigration," condensed, runs: 1. Immigration does not relieve population density permanently because of compensating birth-rate. 2. Immigrants will find increasingly harder competition. 3. Immigrants tend to reduce living standards to their own level. 4. Incompetent immigrants make labor expensive because of minimum wage principle. 5. They add to tax rates by requiring public aid. 6. Blocs of foreign-born lead to foreign policy based on expediency rather than sound principles. 7. They prevent unified national culture. 8. Excessive growth leads to dissipation of natural resources. 9. Immigration competition tends to sterilize native population. 10. Immigration, forced by economic necessity, tends to lower the biological quality of the race. . . .

. . . English-speaking immigrants will no longer be required to pass through Ellis Island, as they are previously examined at British ports. . . .

. . . Politics makes strange bed-fellows. Opposed to modification of the present immigration law at the next congressional election will be both the Ku Klux Klan and the American Federation of Labor. "The American Federation of Labor will strenuously oppose any effort to modify the present law," declared President Green. "Any attempt to emasculate its provisions will be bitterly contested. Circulars outlining this action of the executive council will be sent to the 40,000 local unions and 1,000 city central bodies and state federations of labor, urging members to make it an issue of the 1926 Congressional campaign. Candidates who believe in flooding this country with foreigners will be opposed. "The Fellowship Forum," organ of the Klan, describes the coming contest on the immigration

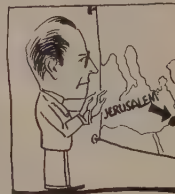


law as a "battle royal" of the Protestant forces against "the enemies of the law, mostly Roman Catholic politicians and unprincipled employers of cheap alien labor." "The lines are drawn . . . the great battle ground between Roman despotism and Protestant self-government is within the boundaries of America. Rome stands or falls on the 'outcome.'" . . .

. . . In addition, Albert Johnson, author of the Immigration law, is reported by the *Jewish Daily Bulletin* as favoring a bill giving the commissioner of immigration the right "to deport persons who, in his opinion, never should have been admitted to this country, or who, since their admission have demonstrated their undesirability." The Klan, the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals are reported back of the deportation measure. . . .

The Arts and Science

BORIS MORRIS declined an invitation to direct the Hebrew Opera in Palestine. One of the few cases on record where a musician has turned down a chance to direct opera. As compensation for this sacrifice he was elected to the board of directors of the Conservatory of Music in Memory of the Jewish Soldiers Killed in the World War and appointed honorary secretary of the administrative council. . . .



. . . Jascha Heifetz was robbed of \$15,000 worth of gems, while vacationing on his estate at Narragansett pier. While it is not unusual for a celebrity to figure in a jewel robbery, usually the event takes place during the concert season. . . .

. . . A. W. Binder, instructor in synagogue and folk music at the Jewish Institute of Religion, New York, has toured Palestine, in search of Jewish and Arabic folk-songs and the ancient melodies of the Yemenites. These will be embodied in services of the Free Synagogue of which he is choirmaster. . . .

. . . Professor A. A. Michelson, holder of the Nobel prize in physics,

has been temporarily delayed in experiments to test his theory of relativity by illness at Pasadena. . . .

. . . The late Dr. Albert Abrams is termed "one of the two genuises in medicine produced in the last fifty years," by Sir James Barr, vice-president of the British Medical Association. According to Abram's theory, disease is the result of deviation from the normal vibration rate of the electrons which form the body. . . .

Social Welfare

THE Ancient

Order of Hibernians, assembled at Atlantic City, officially extended its sympathy to Jews who are striving to erect a monument to Chaym Salomon,



financial genius of the American Revolution. It pledged themselves to join any movement that may have for its purpose the incorporation in history text books of the name and services of Salomon. "The implication is that intolerance and bigotry are responsible for the persistent ignoring of his claim on the nation's gratitude," comments the *New York World*. "No doubt this is true. These claims of Salomon have been thoroughly established, but he continues to be ignored. The historians still leave the impression that Robert Morris was the financial hero of the struggle. Because he passed some time in a debtors' prison and died in poverty, it is fashionable to ascribe his misfortune to his sacrifices for the Revolution. As a matter of fact, he lost nothing and came out of the struggle richer than when the war began. He lost his fortune by speculation long afterward. . . . Here is an indecent neglect for which absolutely nothing can be said." . . .

. . . St. James' Protestant Episcopal church, Long Beach, New Jersey, at which six presidents of the United States have worshipped, was saved from the auctioneer's hammer by Ernest Levy. Mr. Levy sent a check for \$600, to pay delinquent taxes, to the Rt. Rev. Albion J. Knight, bishop co-adjutor of New Jersey. Speaking for Mr. Levy, Bernard Sandler, who trans-

mitted the check, said that the sale of the chapel would have been a sacrilege. "It has become a national shrine, in a way, the Westminster Abbey of America. Neither Mr. Levy nor myself belongs to your religious faith, but we both worship the same God." . . .

. . . Corroboration of the theory that jealousy lies at the bottom of most anti-Semitism comes from a writer in the *Nation*. He quotes Sidney Luska to the effect that next to the French, Jewish cooking is the best in the world. If cooking really were the way to men's hearts, the Joint Distribution Committee should set part of its \$15,000,000 budget to subsidizing restaurants, cooking classes, publishers of cook books, etc. *Blintzes* each day keeps Judophobia away. . . .

. . . Even if the Bible were not inspired, it would be necessary for temporal and spiritual leaders to pretend that it was—in order to give divine sanction to their doctrines. For instance, Rabbi Herman Rosenwasser, of San Francisco, in a brief prepared for the defense in the Scopes trial, asserts that the word translated as "create" in the King James version of Genesis really means "to set in motion"; the verse, "The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," should read, "And God animated, imparted life, vivified the face of the fluid mass"; "Adam" should really be translated "a living organism containing blood." "If that is a lower order of animal," says the learned rabbi, "then Genesis itself teaches that man descended from a lower order of animals." . . .

. . . Solomon Levitan, Wisconsin's state treasurer, is nothing if not original. Now that the regents of the University of Wisconsin have refused to receive donations from the Rockefeller and other foundations, Mr. Levitan suggests that these foundations use their money to subsidize the ownership of homes among newlyweds. . . .

. . . Pearl Bernstein, Columbia University co-ed, who never attended classes on Sabbath or holy days, has made Phi Beta Kappa, the honorary scholarship fraternity, and has been awarded a traveling scholarship. She is a member of the executive committee of the Collegiate branch of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America. . . .



. . . Will Moss, past president of Solomon Marx Lodge, No. 221, New Orleans, was feted by the Masonry of New Orleans on June 17, in honor of his fiftieth year as a Master Mason. . . .

Philanthropy

FIVE THOUSAND persons, including the most eminent names in American Jewry, are scheduled to meet in Philadelphia on September 12 to consider plans for raising \$15,000,000 for Jewish relief and colonization in Soviet Russia. The call was issued by David A. Brown, of Detroit, who has just returned from an extensive investigation of conditions in the Ukraine and negotiations with Soviet officials. While a very large part of the contemplated fund will be utilized in the colonization project, much will be used for welfare and reconstruction work in Europe and Palestine. . . .

. . . Mrs. A. J. Freiman, once described by a local preacher as the "best Christian in Ottawa," has been honored by election to honorary life membership in the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada, an honor which she shares with the Prince of Wales. She was presented with a silver loving cup and with resolutions of "appreciation for her generous support and sympathetic co-operation." . . .

. . . Mrs. Effie K. McIntire, who died in New York last February, left \$50,000 to Beth Israel Hospital, Newark. This is the largest gift received from a non-Jewish source, according to the *Jewish Daily Bulletin*. . . .

. . . Cynical gentiles who do not understand the brotherhood of all Jews might remark: "It is bad enough to be a Chinaman, without being a Chinese Jew as well." At any rate a Society for the Rescue of Chinese Jews has launched a drive for \$10,000 to bring back Judaism to Chinese lineally descended from Jewish families, as well as "to study the origin, development and history of Jewish colonies in China, to preserve such sites and monuments as exist and erect monuments where advantageous." . . .

. . . A tree was dedicated at the Catholic House of the Good Shepherd, Helena, Montana, in memory of Isaac Boyer, late president of Temple Emanuel, trustee of St. Peter's Hospital and numerous other philanthropic societies

and four times president of the Helena Chamber of Commerce. . . .

Politics

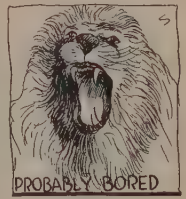
AS a result of discontent in the ranks of the Ku Klux Klan of Canada, a new organization of pillow-case Knights has been formed, the Ku Klux Klan of the British Empire. Its objects are announced as: loyalty to King and Empire, upholding of true Protestantism, stern opposition to political Rome, upholding of womanhood and its protection against colored or foreign peoples, abolition of the yellow peril and abolition of anything tending to ridicule the Protestant Church. The regalia is the same as that of the original order, except that the Union Jack will be worn on the right breast. Presumably the other kind of "jack," which the organizers receive from the initiates, will continue to be worn inside the wallet—as is the custom among the American Kleagles. . . .

. . . Other states are following Tennessee in the battle to keep evolution out of the public schools. In California, Maynard Shipley, president of the Science League of America, protested to the state board of education against the board's action in declaring that evolution could be taught in the public schools "only as a theory and not as a fact." A Los Angeles pastor sent a communication protesting against the "demoralizing influence" of certain illustrated text books on mythology. Other appeals, including one from Rabbi Newman, however, caused the board to approve the use of text books on science and evolution in the San Francisco schools. . . .

. . . In Georgia, an amendment to prohibit the teaching of evolution was voted down by an overwhelming majority in the state legislature. . . .

. . . In the District of Columbia, an employe of the bureau of internal revenue has petitioned for an injunction restraining officials from permitting the teaching of "disrespect of the Bible," in violation of an annual appropriation bill. . . .

. . . The Jewish Sabbath Alliance has begun a fight against the New York state Sunday blue law as proposed by the Lord's Day Alliance. Attempts to secure exemption for seventh day observers have been continually thwarted by the Lord's Day Alliance. . . .



Jewish Women in Modern Times

By Sarah Goldberg

IN the midst of a religiously skeptic and scientifically enthusiastic age—the time of Goethe, Kant, Newton and Napoleon—the Jews still wore their medieval garb. Within their walled-in ghettos, the fact that it was the latter half of the eighteenth century wrought no changes in their lives. Men dreamt of and fought for freedom, individualism and knowledge, but the Jew, everywhere ostracised and despised, knew nothing of these ideas and cared less.

In his dark and narrow ghetto, he had long ceased to expand his philosophy of life. All that had been completed hundreds of years ago in the centuries of Jewish supremacy. Now there remained no room for further progress. The Jews, cut off from the normal stream of life, had first stagnated and then begun to deteriorate. By the middle of the eighteenth century, the age of mental, spiritual and social advancement, they were ignorant and intellectually inferior to their Gentile neighbors. They still maintained their moral and religious supremacy, though these had become a form, an heritage that had lost most of its vitality and depth.

The condition of the Jewish woman was therefore scarcely different from that of her sisters of the later Talmudic and medieval times. Talmudic laws and precepts still established and guided her life. She continued to be a negative factor in the civil, legal, social and economic life of her people. As the centuries passed, her position of love and respect in the home grew stronger. Yet she was still the mother and wife, rather than the individual with certain unalienable rights.

Her condition was not, however, much worse than that of her Christian sister. In an age of political, economic and social revolution, woman was still enslaved and degraded. Only a comparatively few, belonging to the court and higher aristocracy, were permitted to dabble in the matters of mind and spirit.

When the dawn finally came to the Jews, their women were fully as eager adherents of the new age as were the men. Both were equally susceptible to the weaknesses and strength of that intensely interesting time. But

the metamorphosis of the medieval ghetto Jewess with her simplicity, unsophistication and ignorance, into the modern emancipated and cultured woman was more phenomenal than the transformation of her brother, for comparative freedom, leadership and the mental training that the Talmud offered had prepared him for the change.

INTO the already sophisticated and unbelieving eighteenth century Berlin, there appeared a pale, little man with wise and kind eyes who was



Henrietta Herz

destined to become the liberator of his German Jewish brothers. He was called "Moses Mendelssohn, the Jew." Lessing made him famous as the hero of his "*Nathan der Weise*." Philosophical and cultured Berlin listened with respect to his views; liberally belligerent Berlin found in him and his people a new cause to protect and fight for; and religious Berlin found in him a possible worthy and illustrious convert to Christianity. It was this Moses Mendelssohn who opened to his brethren the portal of the new era. And it was his particular method and school of Jewish modernization which made the life of the German Jews different from that of their co-religionists of other countries.

He believed that cosmopolitan culture and civilization did not necessarily conflict with Judaism and the Jewish religion. One could combine

the best of the two and emerge a better and finer Jew and person. His life verified his philosophy. Though he often came into bitter conflict with his strictly orthodox brethren, he was persistent in his belief that some modernization and assimilation were essential to Judaism if it were to exist as a living and healthy force. And though he often compromised and deviated from the path marked out by the Talmud and synagogue, he remained a Jew worthy of his heritage and a great teacher and leader of his people.

There followed a Moses Mendelssohn epoch. Capable and able young Jewry of Berlin began to emulate and follow its honored master. But they imitated him in the light of their own weak spirit. Blinded by the alluring light of freedom, they were unable to perceive the true values of life. A new era which compromised, which depreciated their own gods and achievements, and which gladly worshipped at the shrine of the scintillating Christian world set in for Berlin Jewry. There arose in Berlin an apostate—Germanized Jewry—who in his zeal and eagerness for complete modernization and denationalization lightly tore the threads that connected him with his people and history and threw himself into the Christian fold. But Berlin was still loath to accept these over-zealous newcomers. For while it was forced to accept the Jew economically, it still refused to admit him politically and socially. So that these misguided souls in their frantic desire for recognition and acceptance into the life about them, carelessly sold their birthright for an uncertain "pottage of lentiles."

THE women of this rich and cultured Jewish circle were not to be outdone by their brothers. They were quite as strongly attracted to this new life of freedom, to the artistic and intellectual glamor. Having ignored the traditional and orthodox conception of life and having freed themselves from the restrictions of the synagogue and Talmud, they were on equal footing with men. In Berlin and other large cities a group of highly individualistic, cultured and gifted Jewish women arose, at whose salons were gathered

the cultivated and influential men of the day.

The daughters of the sage of Berlin—Dorothea and Henrietta Mendelssohn—became the teachers and leaders of that brilliant group of German Jewesses, and with their wit and adroitness charmed many of the great men assembled in their father's library. After her marriage to the banker Veit, Dorothea opened a salon which soon became the gathering place of the cultivated and talented men of Berlin. Many of the creators and protagonists of new ideas, theories and philosophies, found Dorothea's salon an inspiration and a forum. She became a devoted convert to the current radical ideas. The talented Friedrich von Schlegel was her friend and spiritual confessor. Soon he became her lover. Dorothea finally asked for a divorce, which her rich husband unwillingly gave. She next did what was in eighteenth century Berlin the most daring of things—the impossible—she lived with von Schlegel in bonds of "free love."

Her sister Henrietta had a less adventurous and less "modern" life, though she traveled much and had many gifted and influential friends. Like many others, she was unable to resist the freedom and opportunities that apostasy offered, and became a Catholic. But of all the bright and cultivated women of Berlin, Henrietta Herz and Rachel Levin were the brightest and most talented. Both were women of peculiarly strong and interesting personality. In their salons and through their inspiring friendship and guidance, they exerted much influence in the politics, art and literature of "young Germany." And both were so completely captivated and blinded by the charm and freedom of their life that they willingly separated from their people.

Thus did Jewesses become the first emancipated women of Germany. Freed from the restrictions and prejudices of ghetto life, they became not only the intellectual equal of men, but far surpassed the Gentile women, who had enjoyed longer periods of freedom and more advantages.

After the frenzy of apostasy died down, after the Jews become more accustomed to the light of the new epoch, Christian culture lost some of its luster. Men began to revalue life and to find much that was noble in their own culture. The general antagonism of their new brothers, who were still unwilling to accept Jews into

their circles, accelerated this reaction. A school of Hebrew enthusiasts arose who saw new beauty in their own language, poetry and philosophy. Hebrew magazines were founded and "back to Judaism" movements became rampant.

Here, too, Jewish women took equal part and pride in the rejuvenation. The most famous was the wife of Leopold Zunz—the leader of the new Jewish Science movement. She had considerable knowledge of Hebrew, was an able student of Jewish history and was of great aid to her husband in his researches.

However, modernity had reached the Jews only in Berlin, Danzig and a few other large cities. The rest continued to live in their medieval ghettos, to be dictated by the Talmud and the synagogue. In fact, the new gleams of light that radiated into their quarters only made them more hostile to their renaissance and they fought against the heathenism that had crept in among them. The majority of Jewish men and women of Germany remained unaffected by the accomplishments of their advanced coreligionists.

In the second decade of the nineteenth century, another attack was made upon ghetto Judaism, this time by Israel Jacobson and his followers of the reform synagogue. The synagogue and its services were to be modernized, and the regeneration of orthodox home life would follow. At the same time Jews of Germany were finally being granted social and economic equality and, after the war of 1848, political rights. Thus all these events were helping to destroy the rule of the synagogue, the old order of life with its restrictions. And in freeing herself from the inexorable rule of orthodoxy, Jewish woman liberated herself from age-long subjection. Henceforth her position in Germany was to be similar to that of the German woman.

THE Revolution of 1789 first heralded the modern age to the French ghetto. It was a revolt of the oppressed, the enslaved, the despised. The ideals of these degraded beings were "fraternity, liberty and equality," and, in their generosity and enthusiasm, they accepted the maligned Jews, who, having been equally wronged, were now to share with them the fruits and hopes of the new day.

Already French Jews had what their coreligionists of other countries so longed for, but which they were not to

receive until a half century later, political and civil rights. These privileges helped make the history of French Jewry peculiarly distinct from that of any other Jewry.

After their numerous expulsions from France during the Crusades, few Jews made that country their home. These few settled in Alsace and Lorraine and were mostly a mixture of Sephardic and German elements. The former, who in Portugal had had the advantage of a favorable and progressive environment, were more worldly and more willing to assimilate than their German brothers. There were, therefore, many disagreements between these two dissimilar groups. In the end the Sephardics won and became the leaders of the communities. Their supremacy, together with the political and civil freedom they enjoyed and the demands of Napoleon that they assimilate and intermarry, hastened the comparatively rapid modernization and assimilation of French Jewry. They quickly threw off the yoke of traditionalism, and became French men who merely adhered to a different faith and only differed from their countrymen in a superficial manner.

Consequently the life of the French Jewess very early began to differ from that of her sisters in other countries. Talmudic conceptions no longer dictated her position. Her welfare and problems became those of the French woman. Everywhere, she was among the pioneers of her sex, seeking its emancipation and working for the welfare and advancement of her nation.

BUT unparalleled in history was the modernization of Russian and Polish Jewry. With only a few decades of freedom and opportunity, these Jews rapidly transformed themselves from the pariahs of the civilized world, from uncouth, strangely unharmonious medieval folk, into ultra-modern, cultivated individuals, who not only fervently absorbed all that the new world had to offer them, but who even added to it fresh glory.

Before the World War, these countries had within their ample borders more than half the world's population of Jews. Eight millions were crowded like cattle in their narrow quarters. Shorn of nearly all human rights and privileges, shut in and forced to live as best they could,—eight millions of maltreated, crushed human beings continued to live, to hope and to dread in the face of amost unbearable trials and suffering. Officialdom wondered at the miraculous persistence of this rejected

and despised people, who, in spite of all, could still create a literature and a philosophy. They marveled at those of its herd who, fortunate enough to steal into the forbidden world, soon became its leaders.

The rest of the modern world looked on and speculated. It theorized and protested against the inhumanity, despotism and autocracy of the Russian government, and against the prejudice of its citizens. But it also shuddered at the degradation, fanaticism and ignorance of these luckless, uncouth Jews. And the Jews of other countries, while pitying and aiding their unfortunate brethren, were, nevertheless ashamed of them and repulsed them. Sociologists and economists explained why these Jews should be as they were. How could abased, enslaved creatures become self-respecting and proud? How could a community cut completely off from all evolutionary world influences, be equal to those whose circumstances had been more kind? And how could such a community progress when for hundreds of years it had been forced to live on only its own traditions and conceptions, on a civilization which had long ago been forced to a stand-still.

But these over-credulous, ill-mannered Jews were not at all made of the stuff of pariahs. They thought, studied and dreamt, though the modern world did not value their particular kind of advancement. They even created a literature, which, though it fell below the standards set by modern, cultured criticism, was significant. Little by little, the uncertain weak rays of light falling into the "Pale" warmed and cheered innumerable souls. Many who clutched at these sparks followed their uncertain path to a world of light and beauty, though a hostile and indifferent world. And as soon as the walls of this affluring world became scalable, there began an exodus from the ghetto. Even the ghetto itself began to partake hungrily of the great world and to bask in its light.

THROUGHOUT the adversity of Russian and Polish Jewry, the life of the Jewess was miserable and hopeless. She suffered doubly. She not only shared the thralldom of her people, but she bore her own misery. Fanaticism and superstition, the accompanying weeds of enforced seclusion and stagnation, had made woman's position desperate. Students of sociology rightfully concluded that her condition was so degrading that it rightfully belonged

to a much earlier period of civilization. But they did not investigate the circumstances of the Jews of these countries, nor the causes which made these conditions inevitable.

Indeed, the Russian and Polish Jewess was scarcely better off than the sociologists believed. The ghetto poet, Judah Leeb Gordon, who wrote in the last decade of the nineteenth century, gave a sad description of it in one of his poems:

"Eternal bondage, is the Jewess's life;

Her shop she tends incessant day by day;

A mother she, she nurses and she weans;

And bakes and cooks and quickly fades away."

But Gordon did not lament the bondage of mind and soul of the Jewess, nor did he mourn her hopelessness.

STILL, among small enlightened circles—the *Maskiliam*—who were already appearing in the middle nineteenth century, the position of woman was more hopeful. As early as 1835, Sir Moses Montefiore, in his travels through Russia, was surprised to find so many women who possessed some culture and knowledge of languages. Whenever the opportunity presented itself, the Jewess was eager to better herself. In a quarter of a century when prejudice and fanaticism reigned, her progress was most phenomenal. Whenever a school opened for women or one that permitted women students to enter, it found Jewesses among its first students. The poverty and hardship that these women endured in order to obtain education are almost beyond imagination.

When the exodus of young ambitious Jews to the French and German universities began, women made up a large percentage of the group. Berlin and Paris wondered at the number of ambitious women who so bravely gave up their homes and friends to suffer and to strive for what was then considered a chimera. A Jewess was the first woman to take the degree of engineering at the *Ecole des Pontes* in Paris; another, at the university of Berne got the degree of law with the honorary *summa cum laude*. Thenceforth the advancement of the Russian and Polish Jewess was prodigious. Whenever and wherever there was a loop hole into movements controlled by men, the Russian Jewess was sure to enter. So that she became the symbol of modern

woman's emancipation and individualism. While the mass of women of the ghetto slowly but surely followed in the path of progress, it was always in proportion to the progress of the men.

THE course of history of Jewish women in England and the United States was far more normal. Here, where Jews were given much freedom and were unhampered by anti-Semitism, the process of reformation was almost annihilating to Jewry. Instead of the synagogue there arose the reform temple. Religious services and home observances were completely shorn of most of their orthodoxy and traditionalism. Among all save the Russian immigrants this process of assimilation continued. The development of Jewish women followed that of the men. As rapidly as circumstances permitted and popular prejudices weakened, the Jewess began to aid in obtaining suffrage for her own sex and to enter all fields of social and cultural activity. Jewish women have been and are doing nobly their share in advancing the condition of their countries and peoples.

Thus has the Jewess bravely and beautifully reached the end of a long, suffering, age-weary road. As she faces a brighter and more hopeful horizon, as she enters upon smoother and less torturous roads, she may proudly and contentedly look back at her unerasable footprints—imperishable marks dug with blood, with tears, with pain, with suffering and with humiliation. What a great heritage, what a lofty and magnificently inspiring example she has left to the Jewesses of all future times.

As a mother how much anguish she has borne for her wretched, starving, world-disowned and world-unwanted children. How she has sorrowed over the misery and hopelessness of their condition. As wife, how she has suffered with her husband, whom the prejudiced, unkind world so crushed and rejected. How she has bled, what tortures she bore that her God, her religion and her people might be saved from extermination. As a woman, as a member of an oppressed group, what degradation and humiliation she has endured. And out of it all she emerged, though pale and sad-eyed, yet with so much love, self renunciation and heroism. Truly a great and beautiful figure!

Have the Jews an Inferiority Complex?

By A. A. Roback

FOR many readers it is not necessary to explain the meaning of this frequently used term, yet for the sake of clearness, we might as well start at the bottom and assume that few laymen, really have an adequate knowledge of this phrase.

It is the Viennese Jewish psychiatrist Alfred Adler who is generally believed to be the author, true in a qualified sense only, of the theory that most of our so-called nervous troubles are due to some inferiority in our makeup, whether physical or mental—a condition of which we are only dimly aware, and that in order to overcome this inferiority feeling, a mechanism comes into being which is called *compensation*. This tendency to make up for the shortcoming, either inborn or acquired, often leads us to set up a fiction or to over-rate some particular aspect so that the inferiority assumes the appearance of a superiority at least in our own eyes. In genius, there is such a thing as *over-compensation* taking place which actually, according to Adler, results in converting the individual weakness into a boon for mankind. This adjustment is supposed to operate unconsciously, but the product is decidedly tangible.

In several books Adler makes the point that the inferiority of a certain organ will be such a tremendous influence in the life of the individual, in action, in dreams, in thought—in short, in all states—that even the choice of a vocation will be determined thereby; and Adler goes out of his way to assign various defects of vision as the chief factors in turning the patients' attention to diseases of the eye, thereby leading them to gain eminence in that profession.

ADLER'S illustrations are not always convincing, for instance when he wishes us to believe that Beethoven's musical genius was essentially related to the inferiority of his organ of hearing, but the principle of compensation is nevertheless sounder than it appears at first blush; and it has been observed long before this psychoanalyst, erstwhile the disciple of Freud and now his rival, that weakness is often turned into strength of another sort. Witness the precipitate qualities of the lame Byron, the poetic verve of the infirm Pope, the oratorical powers of the stammering Demos-

thenes, or to take more general examples, the universally admitted cunning of weak animals. Instances may be multiplied, but it is not my purpose here to prove Adler's doctrine.

Though no one has, to my knowledge, applied the inferiority complex theory to whole groups of people, I see no reason why the mental life of a whole people cannot be governed by similar laws. Of course it is out of the question to talk of organ inferiority in referring to a group, but the



A. A. Roback

feeling of inferiority as regards certain elements which are common to the group may nevertheless be inherent in the individuals who go to make up that group. Thus in that well-known humorous reference to the townspeople of Cholm, (corresponding to the "wise men of Gotham") who, if asked whether they came from Cholm, were said to reply "O, well, then perhaps you are the wiseacre,"—it is quite clear that the inferiority complex was operating in such a manner as to make them rude because of their hypersensitivity. A simple and harmless question offended them and roused them to ire, a manifestation true of most sensitive people, whose touchiness becomes a matter of distress to their friends—and discloses that tendency of compensation to erect themselves above that level which they feel in their humbleness is theirs.

WE may assume then that whole nations are susceptible to this

trait, which has both its normal and abnormal degrees. In fact we may safely say that the group is more saturated with this complex than the individual. The Yiddish proverb "*As men klapf oifn tish, ruft zich op die sher*" (When the table is knocked, the shears respond) well illustrates the truth of my contention. Criticize publicly the Elks, the American Legion, the Masons, the Christian Scientists, etc., and immediately an uproar will be created out of all proportion to the significance of the comment. "National pride" is often a symptom of that deep-seated complex which unfortunately often ends in devastation and carnage. Against this insidious phrase the late President Wilson's "too proud to fight" was a wholesome antidote. It served to release the inferiority complex which was manifested by the chip on the shoulder of the majority of mischief makers who never intended to endanger their lives.

It is for this very reason that I fear my discussion would cause an unfavorable reaction in Jewry. Why, it will be thought that I am trying to discover another failing to add to the long list of libels already drawn up by the anti-Semites (whose abnormality must be treated separately). As has already been intimated, however, it is my belief that all nationalities have the inferiority complex developed to a greater or less extent, but the Jews because of their peculiar circumstances, and possibly also owing to an original racial streak in their constitution, seem to give evidence of this trait perhaps more palpably.

How does this reveal itself? First of all, let us consider the extreme delicacy Jews are wont to show in referring to matters Jewish. I once asked a Jewess prominent in Zionist activities whether she would hoist the Jewish flag on a Jewish holiday as she did the American flag on a patriotic day, and the question stunned her. It takes Brisbane to tell his readers casually that Michelson is a Jew, but until very recently when Einstein identified himself with his people, and thus broke down the morale of the Jewish tip-toe-walkers, neither Michelson, nor Freud, nor Jacques Loeb was ever spoken of as a Jewish scientist by their Jewish *confrères*; and I remember writing a letter to

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Bryan's Only Unspoken Speech

By Joel Blau

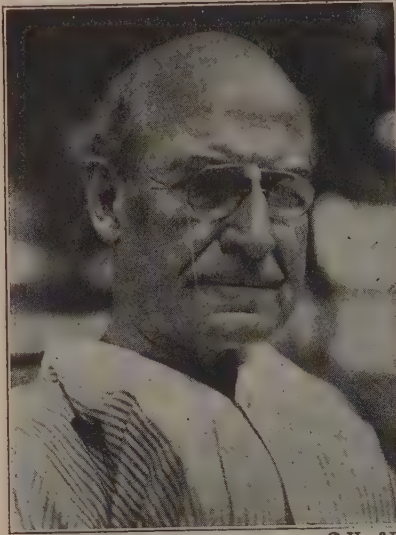
I

UPON a scene much enlivened by comedy, nay, broad farce, a sudden pall has fallen. William Jennings Bryan, fighting his last incomplete fight, died on the very spot where he had been the butt of many a more or less sly jest, more or less good-natured quip. Dayton, Tennessee, having contributed much to the gaiety of the nations of the world, has unexpectedly become a cause of genuine sorrow. Silenced are the jibes that travelled from mouth to mouth around the globe; none care to exploit the easy humor derived from our supposed kinship with the ape, while the Great Commoner sleeps his last sleep, his narrow lips pressed tightly together with the speech he longed to deliver, but which the fates decreed should remain unspoken, and, if communicated at all, in cold type only, unaided by the perfervid oratory and magnetic personality of him who staked his life on speaking it.

William Jennings Bryan's untimely end removes him and his views from the range of the careless humorist, but not from the scope of the earnest and honest critic. His only unspoken speech lies before us, as it lies before every fairly literate person of the United States, to be scrutinized for its views, for its general trend. And if this speech contains ideas subservient to a dark, slinking propaganda, whose sinister signs are manifest to many a thoughtful man,—a propaganda that menaces the highest spiritual interests of America—then not even the reverence due to the dead, and which no one cares to withhold from William Jennings Bryan, can prevent our registering a protest against those ideas and against that propaganda. Of the dead nothing but good; but the "*nisi bonum*" rule does not and cannot apply to the ideas of the dead.

The fundamentalists have lost in William Jennings Bryan a great leader, a vibrant voice. Look as they might hither and thither, there is no one to take his place. He possessed precisely the quality that I am tempted to call the soul-catching quality—most effective where the business asks for catching *souls* and not *minds*; where possibly there are no minds to be caught; where men are easily stirred by emotion and lulled to sleep by re-

flection. In a word, he was a typical evangelist: in the political as in the religious field. We cannot blame the fundamentalists for missing him, for feeling his loss most keenly, because such an evangelizer they will not readily find. And now that this evangelizer is gone, they might wish, so one conjectures, to employ this undelivered speech in lieu of the living voice. They might wish, if not to canonize Bryan, to admit to the canonical writings of fundamentalism



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William Jennings Bryan

this speech of Bryan. Fundamentalists have a peculiar fondness for canonical writings; and Bryan's speech might conceivably become a sort of latter-day Revelation of Fundamentalism. It is therefore advisable to provide betimes the antidote to the noxious sentiments for the spreading of which Bryan's posthumous utterance is likely to be used as an effective instrument.

There is much in this posthumous speech that will be countered by the scientists. It is their job, and they will have an easy time answering him. There is much in this speech that should and most likely will be taken up by the liberal Christian. I shall omit these considerations that belong to alien fields, and examine only those elements or underlying tendencies that may be fitly considered by a liberal religionist who happens to be a Jew. I ask you to note that rather than style myself a Liberal Jew—a shoddy, abused, shop-worn phrase to be found

on the lips of every ignorant pulpiteer—I use the longer locution: a liberal religionist who happens to be a Jew. I am that, I am above all interested in the progress of religious thought, no matter what form that thought take; while, as a Jew, I am interested to see my own people drink at the well of undefiled religious inspiration. I hear so much about Judaism that I do not know any more what Judaism is. It seems to have become merely a verbal handle for the word-jugglers "in meetin'." But if I do not know what Judaism is, I know what religion is—religion for the Jew and religion for the world. And it is from this standpoint that I mean to deal with the Bryan speech: not possibly with each and every idea expressed therein, but rather with the general complex of ideas and tendencies of thought, expressed or implied, that underlies it. The reader is asked, if not to see eye to eye, at least to think with me.

II

THEY said that the Dayton trial put science on the defensive. But, as a matter of fact, at Dayton it was religion that stood trial. For if religion, or at least religious people, could be guilty of such bigotry and such fallacious thinking as displayed by those responsible for the prosecution, then the judicious might well ask if religion is still a force in life, and if its functions, might not be better performed by some other more reliable and more chaste expression of the human spirit, such as art and science?

No one can deny the justice of this question. The blunders and crimes committed in the name of religion up till now throughout all history are too many to be counted. And it seems, even from the standpoint of the sincere apologist of religion, that it helps little to say that what has so far been put forward as religion is not true religion at all but its perversion: for, if so, why has religion not kept pace with all other branches of human endeavor? And why, if true, does religion seem liable to more and greater perversions than aught else men have tried and achieved?

Nevertheless, if we are at all to make headway in this supposed controversy between science and religion, we must keep clear in our mind the distinction between religion as an ideal vision of life, springing from a pro-

found cosmic emotion deeply lodged in the heart, which is not yet attained and which in fact may be the symbol of the unattainable, and religion as a fixed, unchangeable dispensation, the embodiment of the clearly revealed will and word of God. The supposed antithesis between science and religion can only obtain so long as religion is conceived as fixed from eternity to eternity, not subject to change through the enlarging experience of man. Science represents the latter: the enlarging experience of man, the yet-to-be-revealed. Between the revealed and the yet-to-be-revealed there must be war. For science plainly believes that there is no such thing as a final revelation. In this, true religion co-incides with science. The last word is never spoken. Sinai is ever afire. Revelation is progressive. In fact, evolution, that is the gradual unfoldment of the divine plan, is the way of revelation. What science calls evolution, religion may well call revelation.

Now comes Bryan and reverses the proposition. He says that between true religion and true science there can be no conflict. But what now is true religion? According to Bryan, religion is not the free spontaneous spiritual aspiration of man, but only that which is clearly set down between the covers of the two Testaments, the old and the new. And what is true science? Only that which does not gainsay the two Testaments. To the average fairly intelligent person Bryan's stand must imply a begging of the question. But, says Bryan, evolution is not true science, it is only a lot of hypotheses, a lot of guesses strung together. Now suppose, it is so. All science, by its very nature, is provisional, is glorified guesswork. Facing the Infinite, science does not dare to say that any of its findings represent a final conclusion. Before Einstein, who would have dared to question Newton? It is from science that we must learn that all truth is necessarily provisional, a temporary marking of limits on the limitless way. And, therefore, only that kind of religion cannot be in conflict with science which accepts the thought of the provisional nature of all truth, which adopts the scientific attitude of intellectual modesty before the Infinite. Liberal religion, groping its way with half-seeing eye toward the last truth of the universe and believing that verily "we see as in a mirror, darkly," is that kind of religion. Bryan's religion is not that kind of religion. It is final. It is cocksure. It knows everything. It stands by

"what is written."

The issue, then, is joined between two conceptions of truth: Truth as fluid and growing, and truth as fixed and stable. Science and liberal religion stand for the fluidity of truth; fundamentalism of whatever sort stands for the fixity of truth. Between science and fundamentalism there can be no peace; between fundamentalism and liberalism there can be no truce; while that which fundamentalism would like to acknowledge and patronize as science is no science at all. Science is the spirit of free investigation.

III

BUT, say Bryan and his like: "I know!

For God has spoken to certain men and god-men, spoken as clearly and as physically as when a man speaks to his friend, communicating to them all truth, or at least as much truth as He saw fit at the time; and the word of God is clearly and unmistakably contained in a book written by Jews and called the Bible. It is from this Jewish book (not acknowledged by Jews themselves in its entirety) that I know the manner of creation and salvation, the origin and destiny of both man and the world." And, let us admit, that the moment this premise is accepted, namely, that the Bible is the revealed word of God, nothing is quite so logical as the fundamentalist stand. In fact, this logical consistency is the main strength of fundamentalism. Your fundamentalist stands foursquare on this rock-like doctrine: the Bible is the word of God. He appeals to the unthinking masses with this very doctrine. He uses this doctrine like a bludgeon to hammer down every heresy, and the people at large cannot fail to notice the simple if ferocious strength which both the doctrine and its wielder display in beating down the enemies of God. The very simplicity and singleness of the doctrine commend it to most men and women: what can there be less doubtful than this? The Bible is the word of God: from this follows everything, the truth of Genesis as the truth of the Apocalypse. And if the Bible says that God took a handful of clay, shaped it into the semblance of a man, blew into his nostrils the breath of life, took out one of his ribs and fashioned it into a woman, and so forth, what mere scientist or liberal religionist dares to prate about the evolutionary process or about the lowly origin of man? Does man come from Eden or from the Zoo? God says he came from Eden, and who dares deny the Word of God?

All this is logical. If only to be

logical meant to be true, the truth would be on the side of the fundamentalists. By the very nature of the case, the modernist has not on his side such transparent logic as can at once be grasped by the most illiterate person. Both the scientist and the liberal religionist are unable to prove that the Bible is not the Word of God; they can only point to likelihoods, to probabilities. The scientist must work largely by analogy: he cannot prove the impossibility of special creation; he can only aver that all evidence points in the direction of evolution as the probable method of creation. His chain of reasoning is such as will appeal to the trained mind; it is not such as will capture the unthinking. It is easy to say: "The Bible is the Word of God." It is much harder to maintain that the real word of God is contained in the rocks and sands no less than in certain Jewish stories. We must take into account the logical strength of the fundamentalist position, if we would explain the hold of fundamentalism upon the masses. And, as Jews, do not let us forget that on the whole Jews are fundamentalists. The majority of us would vote for the doctrine that the Bible (at least the Jewish part of it) is literally the word of God. Since the Talmud says that he who denies the doctrine that the "Torah is from heaven" has no share in the world to come, there will be found more Jews who will read this in the literal sense than those who will be satisfied with a more or less symbolical interpretation of the passage.

Many modernists, both on the Jewish and the Christian side, have taken refuge in the symbolical method of interpretation, in their effort to harmonize the account of creation as given in Genesis with the doctrine of evolution. Speaking for Jews, there are, I think, quite a number even among the orthodox who have found in this method a means of saving both their reason and their orthodoxy. Think how hard they are put to! They must have recourse to various ingenuities of textual interpretation: juggling the plain meaning of words and verses to make them fit the findings of science. The Bible says that the world was created in six days, while the evolutionary scientists maintain that the process of becoming must have taken millions of years: *ergo*, the Hebrew word "day" must mean not a literal twenty-four hour day, but a long period or era or aeon, who knows? And so forth, and so forth.

(Continued on Page 414)

Jews of the Levant

By Xenophon

II.

IT makes rather sad reading, this story of Near Eastern Jewry of the last few decades. One looks in vain in these annals for even a faint remnant of that glorious period, which we generally term the "Golden Spanish epoch." The decadence was complete,—and while various events and occurrences indicated that all was not lost, that there was something worth rescuing, that there still remain latent resources of inestimable magnitude—yet the general outlook was gloomy and indeed desperate.

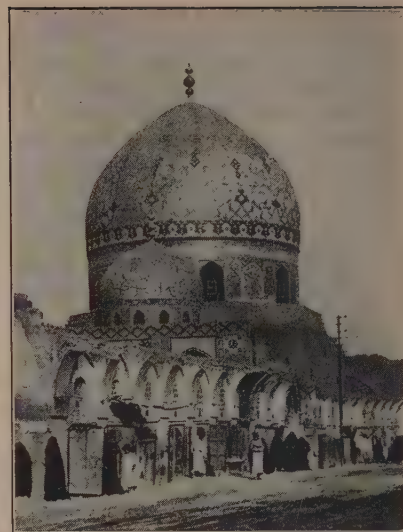
For the more advanced the Jews were in their campaign for the acquisition of civil rights, the more were they divorced from their Jewish consciousness. What little there was in literary creation was confined to liturgy and pseudo-religious literature, and one digs in vain in the archives of Eastern communities for any master-work of Hispanic standards. Even such influential and numerically strong communities as Salonica, Bagdad and Constantinople failed to produce anything of lasting standing. Absorbed in their economic preoccupations, they were loath to pursue Jewish learning and to keep up Jewish tradition. They were, however, conscious and indeed proud of their Jewish solidarity, of their adherence to a larger and more influential community, and they proudly swore allegiance to the Jewish faith, of all of which they knew very little.

Hence the appeal made by the *Alliance* about half a century ago in Near Eastern communities met with prompt response. For it was an appeal to the inherent feeling of Jewish brotherhood. It was natural. Only the backing of a large and influential body, openly proclaiming the banner of Jewish brotherhood, respected by Jew and Gentile, ready to defend Jewish rights whenever and wherever they were trodden, could bring comfort to their downhearted spirits. The *Alliance*, however, has failed in its means if not in its aims. It has meant something and obtained quite another thing. It aimed at the uplifting of Jewish standards, and succeeded only in the economic aspect of its work. It turned out from its schools clever youths, ready to face the hard struggle for existence, but failed lamentably in turning out worthy members of that Jewish fraternity at

which they aimed. Ex-students of the *Alliance* have occupied prominent and indeed leading positions in the economic life of the Near East. They have displayed their efficiency, their *savoir faire*, in the solution of many a crisis in the late Turkish Empire. But the harm wrought by its system of education, the cultural disadvantage, outweighs any benefit which it undoubtedly intended to bestow, and indeed did bestow upon the Sephardic community; for it has added, perhaps against its will, to that age-long curse of Near Eastern history—Levantinism, which, thanks to the *Alliance* educational system, has won new vitality. To this conclusion none who has studied Jewish history in the last few decades will fail to arrive.

THIS evil can and should be remedied. The latest political transformation in most Near Eastern countries, the introduction of efficient and properly organized regimes, have brought the Sephardic communities in closer and more direct contact with Western ideals and Western modes of thought. A complete mental revolution has manifested itself in these communities in the last few years. There is a keener desire to deepen rather than to expand. They now strive to shake off that mantle of superficial Levantinism which has for ages been the curse of the East, but which has shown its detrimental impress particularly on the Jewish communities.

In the transformation that is now taking place in the Near East, there comes a factor of no mean significance—the work of Palestine reconstruction. Whatever the pros and cons of political Zionism in the Jewish world, there can be no gainsaying that the rebuilding of the national home is an event to which no Jewish community in the world remains or can afford to remain indifferent. The idea of a barren land restored to life and fertility, of a new community striving to create new values in Judaism, is a ray of light for Jews wherever scattered. If this is true of the Jewish world in general, it is doubly true of Jews in Near Eastern lands. For whatever their cultural condition, whatever their attitude to Jewish lore and letters, the Sephardic Jews have, even in their darkest days, carried the Messianic banner with pride and sincerity. Hence



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A Street in Bagdad

the multiplicity of Pseudo-Messias, who have sprung up like mushrooms in Palestine and Syria in the last two centuries. Hence also the numerous political programs for the tracing of the ten lost tribes, for the location of the River of Sambation and for the restoration of the Jews to their ancient homeland, all launched by Sephardic Jews in recent years and all of a more or less Zionist character. The program of the famous rabbi from Sarayevo, Bosnia, Yehouda Alkalay, about a hundred years ago contained much that was sober-minded and that set the Jewish world to thinking.

The striving to Zion is inherent in the Sephardic Jew, though perhaps vague and inexpressible. Yet the Sephardic Jew is unable to follow the political plank of Zionism; he is unprepared to sophisticate on strange Zionist doctrines and theories.

AND Zionism has considerably pushed forward the idea of Jewish fraternity. The Jewish man-in-the-street needs today no proof of his adherence to that larger body, whose philosophy of life, whose beliefs and whose ideals are the same. Call it faith or what not.

Of all the non-Zionist organizations, the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith has undoubtedly done most to strengthen and cement that Holy of Holies of Jewish Life in the Diaspora—the sentiment of Jewish fraternity. Purely non-political, it has deepened the sense of Jewish brotherhood, set up institutions which translate that sense into palpable reality and faced the anti-Semite—theoretical or practical, wrapped in whatever mantle—in open battle. In other words, it has pur-

sued the same objective as the "Alliance" a half century ago, but with a considerably larger measure of success. It has succeeded all along the line, where the *Alliance* can boast of only partial success.

And the appeal to the sense of *Klal Yisrael*, which meets everywhere with prompt response, can have a stronger echo in Sephardic lands, where it can be an immeasurable boon. A glance at the present status of Sephardic Jews will justify this contention. They are, to be sure, no sufferers in the sense in which the Jews in the newly born East European republics are. They are not denied any of the citizenship rights enjoyed by their more fortunate and more advanced Western co-religionists. Materially they are well-off; many are quite prosperous. But, while the Jews in the West have exchanged their own cultural values for others which, however alien to their tradition, are genuinely worth cultivating—Jews in the Balkans and other Near Eastern lands can boast of no such bartering. Living in a poor cultural environment, detached and indeed devoid of their own Jewish traditions, they are not even able to assimilate themselves into a superior, if alien, culture. Their only ray of light is therefore that sense of Jewish fraternity which, though dim and feeble, animates and attracts every Sephardic Jew.

THINK of the emancipated Jew of Yugoslavia who, ignorant of the Jewish past, not altogether Zionist in his conviction, yet anxious to cultivate those Jewish ties, that Jewish solidarity of which he has heard much and known little! Here lies a task of unparalleled magnitude, whose beneficial consequences cannot be exaggerated. It will mean nothing less than the transformation of Jewish history in the Near East, the re-writing of a chapter as brilliant as it is indispensable to Jewish annals.

But it requires vision, courage and imagination. The story of the reactionary Aleppo rabbis who excommunicated the emissary of the Constantinople lodge, Dr. Yakir Bechar, is a bitter truth more fitted to the bygone days of the unbelievable religious intolerance and narrow-mindedness of Russian ghettos. Any modernizing, progressive Jewish factors will have to face the classical prejudice of the bigoted rabbi, who will have nothing to do with forces of the existence of which he is unaware, which do not exist for him. In most Syrian communities there is a great deal of educating to be done, educating of the

adult rather than the minor. It is the community as a whole, not merely the children, who need enlightenment.

This paper does not intend to deal with any concrete and constructive proposals. These should be subject to close scrutiny by the local organizers of the campaign for restoration of old and the establishment of new lodges. The conditions undoubtedly vary in different countries and communities and allusion has been made to their variation in the first half of this article. The organization work will have to adapt itself to local circumstances, and it is not likely that the work in, say, Tunis, will follow the same lines as the work in some isolated Syrian community. The difference is one of method of approach rather than objective.

ONE has to reckon after all with the various strata that have come to exist in Levantine Jewry. But it is obvious that if any B'nai B'rith work on a large scale is to succeed, it must follow the original intentions of the *Alliance*, while pursuing other means. It must entirely deviate from the methods of the venerable founders of this one-time dignified institution, which has descended from its heights because it lacked true historical perspective, imagination and foresight.

A properly organized B'nai B'rith campaign is sure to depart from the methods of the *Alliance*; for while the *Alliance* was chiefly, if not wholly, an educational institution, the *Independent Order of B'nai B'rith* is not. It is

concerned with the education of the father and mother, rather than of the son. It has elsewhere attempted and largely succeeded in enhancing Jewish prestige by bringing home to its members a more thorough and healthy conception of Jewish brotherhood. It has combatted anti-Semitism and rejected all kinds of defamations, with what success the esteem in which the Order is held by Jews and Gentile alike is ample evidence.

FROM his own personal knowledge of most Near Eastern communities, notably Syria, Palestine and Egypt, the writer has reached his conclusion—one to which a study of the last chapter of Jewish History must lead any student. A large and fertile field of action is awaiting exploitation, not in the cut and dried sense of the word, not of raw materials wanting chiselling and manufacturing, not of uncultivated forces wanting mere cultivation,—but of potential spiritual resources lying dormant and impotent within the hard circumstances of time. By its restoration from the outside to a fuller Jewish life, this section of Jewry (hitherto adamant to healthy influences) will once again take its legitimate part in all matters of Jewish concern. Once again another page in our annals will be rewritten, if not in golden letters, as the saying goes, at any rate in form worthy of those who contributed the glorious Hispanic age.

(The first half of this article appeared in the August issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.)



In Aleppo—Where Dr. Yakir Bechar was Excommunicated

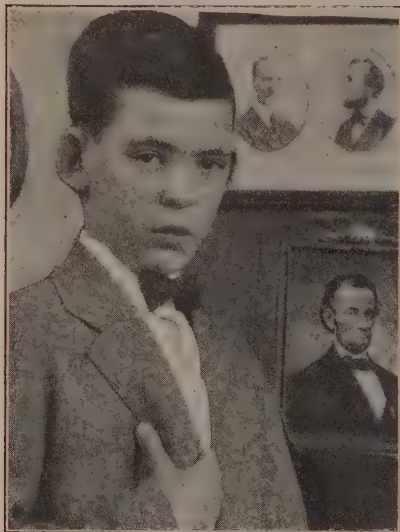
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In the Public Eye

He Believes in an Early Start

MEET the first Jewish president of the United States!

If it is really true that one is bound to get whatever one wishes for intensely enough, Milton R. Moskow, of San Francisco, will be the first Jew to occupy the White House. For ever since he has been old enough to have any ambitions at all, Milton has dreamt of following the footsteps of his favorite



MILTON R. MOSKOW

hero, Abraham Lincoln. Thus, when most boys are mapping out careers as the "champeen" heavy-weight of the world and practising uppercuts, left hooks, etc., in the backyard, this Jewish youngster may be found reciting orations before imaginary audiences and issuing imaginary state papers, proclamations and ultimatums.

As a first step toward his goal, Milton has been chosen out of hundreds of San Francisco school boys to take a leading part in an historic pageant. Says the San Francisco *Examiner*:

"With his eyes on the White House, young Milton R. Moskow, 12-year-old son of J. H. Moskow, 2715 Sacramento Street, will launch his campaign for the presidency in San Francisco Monday.

"Pledged to the principles of Abraham Lincoln, whose pictures adorn his walls, he will address the citizens of Mayor Rolph's Lincoln Pageant and Ball Committee at their Palace Hotel luncheon.

"According to the lad's mother, who is active in the B'nai B'rith, young

Milton since his first day at school has been determined to become president and devotes every thought and act to that ambition.

"He will take a leading part in the 'Boy Scout's Dream,' the historic pageant prelude to Frank McGlynn's presentation of Lincoln at the Civic Auditorium. Milton has decided to run for president about 1965 and is starting his campaign now."

According to Milton's mother, the boy's ambition is entirely his own idea.

"He is a deeply religious boy," she writes, "and a very deep thinker, though in school he is only an ordinary pupil . . . He has mapped out his future, starting with the study of law to the White House. He is determined to have a Jew for a president."

What young Moskow's ideas are in regard to reparations, consolidation of the railroads, control of the air force or even revision of the senate rules, we do not know. But if his name appears on the ballot in 1965, we promise to deliver five votes to him. Only by that time we may no longer be voting. But anyway, Milton probably gets as much kick out of playing president as we used to attacking the Indians with a crokinole (spelling doubtful) mallet and routing the Spaniards from San Juan hill on our rocking horse. And perhaps his way will get him nearer the White House after all.

A Friend of the Children

WHEN Sophie Irene Loeb sailed on the Leviathan for Europe, August 15, she bore with her the best wishes of thousands of children whom she had befriended, as well as of American womanhood. This remarkable Jewess has been selected to speak at the First International Conference on Child Welfare at Geneva, Switzerland. Her subject will be "What the Governments of the World Should Do for Its Children"—a plea for home life for normal children in institutions.

Miss Loeb represents the largest department of child welfare in the world, namely the New York Board of Child Welfare, of which she was president for seven years; the Child Welfare Committee of America, of which she is now president, and the New York State Child Welfare Commission.

Miss Loeb was born in Russia in 1876, brought to this country at the age of 6 and educated at McKeesport, Pa., High School.

Since 1910 she has been a member of

the New York *Evening World* staff. As member of the New York State Commission for Widows' Pensions she studied the relation of the child and the state in England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany and Denmark; wrote the report for the New York state legislature in 1914; led campaigns that resulted in the New York widows' pension law, penny lunches in schools, 80-cent gas rate for Brooklyn and the law requiring sanitary and fireproof motion picture theaters.



SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

Attends Geneva Conference

She was the guiding force behind the investigation of the New York Public Service Commission and the first woman called as mediator in a New York strike. This was in 1917 during the taxicab war. She secured passage of the bill opening public schools for community forums and civic centers. She is a member of the National Institute of Social Sciences and author of "Everyman's Child," "Century Fables for Everyday Folks" and "Epigrams of What Eve Said," and a noted speaker on social topics.

An Antidote for Prejudice

THE Chicago Forum Council is a unique organization, in that it represents the chief racial, religious and economic groups of the city and in that it promotes their mutual good will and better understanding.

How does it bring about this better understanding? By the simple expedient of bringing people of different groups into friendly association with

each other for discussion of problems related to public welfare. For this purpose it holds open forums in a large theatre, maintains a speakers' bureau, conducts a discussion league and stimulates city-wide participation in public discussions of important public questions. And at the head of this unique organization is the unique personality of Fred Atkins Moore, its executive director.

Just because individuals who devote their lives to breaking down the bars of race, religious and racial prejudice are so rare, it is worth while discovering who Mr. Moore is. A native of New England, he was graduated from Tufts College and Tufts Theological School and took graduate work at Brown University and the University of Chicago. For fifteen years he was minister of liberal churches, all this time being actively identified with different forms of social work, including community organization work during the World War.

His studies carried him into the industrial centers of the Middle West and the East, including the mining regions of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, and, in 1924, into England, France and Germany, as well as Geneva, where he watched the workings of the League of Nations. From 1914 to 1918 he organized and directed the West Side People's Forum, in Chicago, and stimulated the organization of other forums elsewhere in the city. For two years he directed the Brooklyn Community Forum of Boston. For over ten years he has been a director of the Open Forum National Council.

The Forum movement is in itself ab-

solutely non-partisan and non-sectarian and conducts no propaganda, according to Mr. Moore. It believes in freedom of speech and endeavors to gain opportunities for expression and hearing to diverse lines of social thought. Its objectives are constructive social thinking and human brotherhood.

Mr. Moore and his Forum Council are the best antidote we know for racial, religious and the dozen other forms of prejudice that will persist.

A Director Eight Times

ALFRED A. BENESCH, past president of District Grand Lodge No. 2, is prominent in more Jewish and civic activities than you could count on the fingers of both hands. He was born in Cleveland in 1879, is a graduate of Harvard—A. B., 1900; A. M., 1901,



ALFRED A. BENESCH
Becomes School Director

and LL. B., 1903—and is a member of the firm of Herrick, Hopkins, Stockwell and Benesch. Besides being past president of a district grand lodge, Mr. Benesch is president of the Educational League, trustee of Temple Tifereth Israel, director of the Bureau of Jewish Education, the Travelers' Aid Society, the City Club, the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home, the Hebrew Free Loan Association, the Jewish Social Service Bureau, and trustee of the National Jewish Hospital for Consumptives at Denver. He was a member of the City Council, 1912-1913, and director of public safety, 1914-1915.

While any of these activities would entitle Mr. Benesch to a place in the "Public Eye," the immediate cause for his appearance is his appointment on

the Board of Education. This makes him a director for the eighth time.



DAVID A. BROWN
Heads Colonization Drive

They Call Him "Moses"

DAVID A. BROWN is the name most frequently seen these days in the Jewish press. Having amassed a fortune in the ice and ice-cream business in Detroit, after the conventional struggle as a poor boy that marks the biographies of most successful Americans, Mr. Brown is devoting almost all his time and administrative ability and much of his money to philanthropy.

His latest project, to colonize his suffering co-religionists of Russia in the Ukraine and Crimea, has made him a world figure in Jewry almost overnight. One editorial writer has even gone so far as to call him a "new Moses," come to deliver the Jews to the promised land.

At any rate, Mr. Brown is in the thick of a campaign to raise \$15,000,000, the bulk of which is to subsidize Russian Jews who agree to settle in agricultural colonies of southern Russia,—until they become self-sustaining. According to Mr. Brown, the Soviet government has agreed to remit taxes for three years and to offer other unusual forms of co-operation.

Whether or not the Ukraine and Crimea, the former scene of bloody pogroms, will now become the promised land for thousands of Jews, remains to be seen. In the meantime there is no doubting the sincerity of this Detroit millionaire who is setting aside business and every other consideration to devote to a movement which he regards as the only salvation for his desperate brethren.



FRED ATKINS MOORE
Directs Forum Council

News in Views:



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HISTORY repeats itself. When Columbus sailed for America he took with him a Jewish ship's doctor. Now that Mac Millan is seeking the North Pole, he is taking along another Jewish physician, Dr. Leo Davidoff, senior house surgeon of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston. The upper picture shows the United States Ship Peary, one of the two ships of the expedition, putting out from Wiscasset, Maine, while Dr. Davidoff appears in the

oval, upper left. The lower picture shows the site of the new Solomon's Temple and walled city, which, it is intended, will match every detail of the ancient temple and citadel described in the Bible. It was recently dedicated at Philadelphia and is to be completed, at a cost of three million dollars, in time for the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial celebration in 1926.

Jewish Surgeon Sails for North Pole—B'nai B'rith Contributes to Rebuilding of Santa Barbara—Erect Statue to Solomon



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WHEN the earthquake brought disaster to Jewish tradesmen and merchants of Santa Barbara, the Executive Committee of the Order promptly appropriated enough money to rehabilitate the unfortunates. To the everlasting credit of the latter, they accepted the funds as a loan, to be repaid without interest, and not as a gift! Richard E. Gustadt, executive director of District No. 4, went promptly to the scene and performed yeoman's



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service. State Street, main business artery of Santa Barbara, appears above. In the lower left, workmen are shown erecting a full-size model of the statue of Haym Solomon, Jewish financial genius of the American Revolution, at Madison Square, New York. In the lower right, Otto H. Kahn appears breaking ground for the Lillian Nordica Memorial Dormitory of the American Institute of Operatic Arts, at Stony Point-on-the-Hudson, New York.

The Printed Page

The Mere Bias of an Englishman

By Israel Auerbach

Through Thirty Years—1892-1922. A Personal Narrative, by Henry Wickham Steed. (W. Heinemann, London.)

A PERSONAL, very personal history. The history of world events of the last thirty years, of the life and death of world powers and continents all obediently pivoting around a *deus ex machina*, an ever present gnome. The history of the prophesy, preparation, execution, completion, explanation and exploitation of the World War by Henry Wickham Steed, the triumphant newspaper reporter. Those about whom he writes will have to reckon with him in regard to his method of handling and arranging events, may question his veracity and impartiality and his censoring of people, governments, religions, movements, historic acts and personalities if they are still alive (President Wilson is not alive and therefore must stand for his rating), and if they find him and his book worth the effort (Cailaux is still alive!)

The personality of this little reporter who became a mighty politician does not interest us. He started out on the New York World with the Jew Pulitzer and ended as the political editor of the London Times and an intimate of the anti-Semitic Northcliffe. But, unfortunately, that which must interest us is the fact that Mr. Steed concerns himself at length in his two volume monstrosity with us, the Jews. We cannot forego this interest, much as we should like to, since this thousand-page work, though carefully designated as a personal narrative, certainly might be used against us by all who love us as he does.

What is so interesting psychologically and is somewhat misleading about Mr. Steed's position is that he pretends to be an impartial and righteous judge of Jewry, that he acknowledges the brilliancy, yes, even the human demands of our race. Once in a while he even takes a stand against anti-Semitic views and political factors. He ridicules Stocker's Teutonic solution of the Jewish question by force. He refers without prejudice to the dark machinations of those who opposed Dreyfus and finds well-meaning words for the new Jewish idealism which strives to work

out its own future. But those who know him better must doubt if he would have damned Stockerism as much if it had been preached by Lord Northcliffe instead of by a German pastor; if he would have applauded Zola, Picard and Anatole France as much if they had not been opposed by the hated Catholic clergy; and if he would have respectfully patted Zionism on the back if it had been allied with German instead of British politics.

Mr. Steed admits, in his preface, "Everybody has a bias though few know it," and "I had no bias save the political bias of an Englishman." This prejudice can not be overlooked in the case of Steed, especially when it furthers our cause. A constant mistrust of this man is in place, as he says of himself in conscious modesty that he is prejudiced in favor of what seems right against what seems wrong! The trouble is that his "seems" is influenced by his point of view, which he calls "open-eyed patriotism," but which is actually nothing but blind reactionary desire for power.

And indeed all his friendly feeling ends at the point where he believes the Jew to be opposed to his reactionary ideas. And here is where the disaster occurs: Mr. Steed pretends to be a real historical philosopher who looks beneath single facts for the motivating ideas and assumes that he is capable of differentiating the motive from the deed. But really he is nothing more than the ready reporter and correspondent accustomed to a telegraphic code and used to finding short and cheap formulas for anything that may seem complicated. The great secret of being a successful correspondent is, in the first place, to be unfailingly well informed, or to seem to be so, and, in the second place, to be impressive at any cost. So what is easier for the writer as well as the reader than to resort to instinct, to forge a plausible solution that requires no further studying or thinking. For this comfortable facile formula all "inclinations and prejudices for what seems right" are cast aside. So Mr. Steed, the anti-anti-Semite, becomes Mr. Steed, the Judophobe. Anywhere in the world where forces, powers, tendencies, influences, people move against England, or more exactly, that which Mr. Steed's reactionary brain pictures as England's highest interest,

there a terrible "dirty German-Jewish attempt" may be discerned. It is true that Mr. Steed permits Judaism to share with a few other world powers, Masonry, Catholicism and Bolshevism, the honor of being declared responsible for everything that happens (everything bad). But at any rate Judaism is awarded first place in Mr. Steed's exact explanation in the most important part of the book, the conclusion, which sums up the entire political thought-picture of man. We actually learn to respect the size of our own diabolical achievements, which we did not even suspect.

THE material that Mr. Steed uses in his thesis seems to overpower him. No wonder. All the false conclusions and identifications that have ever been known to Judaism swarm in this history. Because Jews or Jewish representatives are to be found among German financiers the situation there becomes "the German-Jewish financial situation." Because German industry attempts political expansion this "system" is transformed into an "economic framework of Pan-Germanism" and the Jews into "economic organizers and agents from Hamburg to Bagdad." The Young Turks' position toward British oriental politics is not to Steed's liking; so he finds here a body composed chiefly of Jews and led by them; and the poor Turkish people are misled and used as tools of the Jews. It was reported that Count Aehrenthal, the hated Austrian said to be chiefly responsible for the World War, had a bit of Jewish blood in his veins. But Mr. Steed states this as a fact in the first place, and in the second place embodies in this man a pernicious bond between the entire Austrian Jewry and the papish Jesuitism. If the editor or publisher of a Viennese paper that Steed does not like is a Jew, the former sees a great Austrian-Jewish campaign that incites English hatred and encourages war. Arguments do not deter this "historian" when he broadly states that Albert Ballin is "the emperor's Ocean-Jew" and that he started an intrigue to keep England out of the war. This is also a part of the Jewish world conspiracy that has its agents even in the highest British financial circles (how terrible!). Only the work done in the interests of peace by Mr. Steed and his

wonderful Northcliffe with the help of the *Times* managed to destroy this influence. It is not surprising that Bolshevism and Judaism are handled as synonyms. It is surprising, however, that Steed also accused not only the German Jew, Max Warburg, but also the American, Jacob Schiff, "who wished to bolster up the Jewish bolshevism in order to secure a field for German and Jewish exploitation of Russia." Such a noble and unprejudiced fanatic naturally cannot omit mention of "Jewish speculation in the debased currencies" in his account of "what seems right."

THE anecdotes which Mr. Steed tells in his book are of interest to psycho-pathologists. One need not emphasize the fact that everything in the book is influenced by his personality as a reporter, by his presence of mind, his humor, and knowledge. But his grotesque handling of all anecdotes of which Jews are the subjects can be explained only by his journalistic habit of letting his imagination run away with him. Take, for example, the story of Maitre Carasso (in Constantinople), who is far too clever to have said, especially in the presence of a stranger whom he must have seen through, all that unpatriotic nonsense which Mr. Steed puts in his mouth. The anecdote about Chamberlain and the Jew, Sonnino, is indeed picturesque. I am repeating it here not for the sake of the coarse utterances of the British statesman, but on account of Sonnino's forceful and dignified answer:

"Turning then to Sonnino on his right, Chamberlain plunged into conversation while I talked to Mrs. Chamberlain on my left. Suddenly I heard Chamberlain's clear voice saying to Sonnino: 'Not that I despise other races. They have their several virtues and aptitudes, though I admit that the aptitudes of my own race appeal to me most strongly. There is, in fact, only one race that I despise—the Jews, sir. They are physical cowards.' Sonnino was the son of a Jew. Fearful lest Chamberlain's unhappy beginning bring my little conspiracy to nought, I gave him what I meant to be a gentle kick under the table . . . Meanwhile, Sonnino had taken up the challenge and was defending the Jews hotly: 'You are wrong about the Jews,' he exclaimed. 'They are not cowards. They showed great courage in the wars of our *Risorgimento*. Even if they were cowards, who would blame them? Have they not been persecuted, down-trodden, reviled, kicked and cuffed without hope of redress for nearly two thousand years? That would be enough to make cowards of any people.' Looking hard at Sonnino's face, which was of a refined and handsome but distinct Jewish type, Chamberlain took in the position imme-

diately. Very dexterously he retracted his *faux pas*, admitted the force of Sonnino's argument, and asked his opinion on the Maltese language question."

MR. STEED is not satisfied to establish and to illustrate those which he considers Jewish influences in world affairs, but further seeks and finds his own causes for them. That most Jews in all countries—he says all Jews—are pro-German because they hate Russia for having suppressed them, is true only in German-speaking nations. It does not apply to the American Jews. They were in favor of taking measures such as breaking off trade relations between their country and Russia to protect the honor of America as well as that of Judaism, believing that Russia would change its mind; but we know how they decided in the face of the World War. And in the Romance and Oriental countries, the Jews are as enthusiastically anti-German as they are pro-German in the central European countries. But this one declaration is not sufficient for Mr. Steed. He adds a second entirely nonsensical one which I shall quote to pin him down and to expose his true sentiments as well as his recklessness in dealing with history.

"That resentment sprang also from Jewish detestation of the Russian Holy Synod and of the Russian Orthodox Church (?) as survivals of medieval Christianity and as promoters of a crusade for the possession of Tsarigrad (Constantinople) and of the Holy Places. Against Russian Christian fanaticism was ranged an intense Jewish fanaticism hardly to be paralleled save among the more militant sects of Islam (!). This Jewish fanaticism allied itself with the anti-Russian forces before and during the earlier years of the war. It abated only when the Russian Revolution of March, 1917, and the subsequent advent of Bolshevism, largely Jewish in doctrine (!) and in personnel, overthrew the Russian Empire and the Russian Orthodox Church. The joy of Jewry at these events was not merely the joy of triumph over an oppressor but was also gladness at the downfall of hostile religious and semi-religious institutions . . ."

The most embittered anti-Semites, whom Mr. Steed pretends to despise and scorn, could not have perpetrated a greater slander and defamation of Judaism than this conclusion by Northcliffe's friend.

Mr. Steed belongs with heart and soul to their illustrious company—if he wants to or not. The Russian Black Hundred from whom he may have gained his wisdom are close to his heart. We deeply regret the need for coupling him with a man whose com-

pany will not be especially agreeable to him, Ludendorff. It is really a joke in the history of the world to find such extreme die-hards of opposing nations on common ground. The truth is that both are saying exactly the same thing, contradicting themselves in the most ridiculous manner: a world-conspiracy of the Jews *against* Germany, says Ludendorff, the field marshal; a world conspiracy of the Jews *with* Germany, says Mr. Steed, the reporter. We enjoy ourselves by seeing them arm in arm, convincing each other "of what seems right against what seems wrong."

A Freudian Duel

Now and Forever, by Samuel Roth, with a Preface by Israel Zangwill. (Robert McBride & Company.)

NEVER having been able to complete a simple declarative sentence in the presence of Israel Zangwill without at least three interruptions, Samuel Roth has typed out what he would say to Zangwill if Zangwill only gave him a chance. The result is a scintillating dialogue between Roth and Zangwill, in which the American youngster gives the British master a lesson in Jewish life, history and psychology; salient aspects of the Jewish problem — including Zionism, anti-Semitism and the future of the Jews; *et cetera*. In this Freudian dream Roth parries all Mr. Zangwill's thrusts with brilliant ease, circles, beats, counter-thrusts, spins on his heel, turns somersaults like Douglas Fairbanks, recites beautiful poetic digressions like Cyrano, but pinks, slashes and carves his opponent at will, trims his whiskers and flips the ash off his cigarette. True, on occasion he allows his adversary the futile triumph of a few puns, of advances so feeble that they are immediately lost in the counter-attack—as well as the brief flourish of a preface, which our hero confutes in a conclusion.

Toward the end of this duel, we discover that Roth has been fighting with a scimitar, as well as with a strange, weird gas which some future "terrible man of the Orient" is to loose from "little yellow phials" and thus destroy decaying Europe. "In the meantime most of the Jews will be massed in India, Persia, China and the neighboring countries. Jews will be spread plentifully through the entire East, which will float strange colored banners fresh with triumph and with building."

And because the course of Empire

will thus retrace its way eastward again, this Freudian duellist regards the severance of relations between Zionists and Turkey as a mistake, and the alliance of Zionists with England as another. He would drop the present project to establish a homeland in Palestine completely, gradually move the Jewish population into the Orient, calmly await the decay of the West and then have Jewry claim its own. Why Islam, under these circumstances, should turn over Palestine to the Jews—unless they shall have played some sinister part in the destruction of the West, have made actual the mythical role assigned to them in the past—is not clear.

Mr. Roth certainly takes the long view of history—but a view that is too long to see the present and not long enough to see the future intelligently is worse than mere near-sightedness. Mr. Roth would give up present actuality for a future which he does not himself clearly see. And with this fare-sightedness goes both political astigmatism and moral blindness.

Men whose wordsmanship is clumsy compared with Roth's will yet discern that political alliance with Turkey during the World War would have been both political suicide and moral destruction. There would not have remained many Jews to witness the decay of Europe, and those cowardly enough to remain would not be worth saving. That would be true, even taking for granted Roth's false hypothesis that the Zionist Congress represents a Jewish nation and that it could in any way make alliances in the name of this hypothetical Jewry.

A view of history so long that it would refuse the aid of Great Britain because the Orient will eventually destroy the West—should be at least long enough to discern the future struggle among the surviving powers of the East for power—a struggle similar to that which crushed Israel in Biblical days. It should see Islam and Nippon at each other's throats, and the thousand strange gods of India aroused from their slumber. Perhaps it should even see the civilization and degeneration once more of the East, the rise again of the West—the endless rise and fall of civilizations, the ceaseless flux of power from East to West.

Although there is no good reason why a victorious Orient should grant Jewry a place in its sun, the implication is that Jewry would betray western civilization to save its own life.

This is a perversion of morality so profound that one may find its parallel only in the schemes of the mythical "Elders of Zion"—except that the schemes of the Elders are shrewder, more firmly based on present world conditions, and more ambitious.

Yet a national idealism that means only physical preservation is scarcely of a higher degree than the materialistic aims of the Protocols—it is merely less imaginative. Were Jewry a nation and were that nation not bound by a million sacred ties to Western civilization, Jews might consider their destiny as distinct from the world in which they now live. For our part we should rather perish beneath the poisonous wings of the Yellow invader than pay the price that Roth suggests. The greatness of Judea does not lie in its physical survival—perhaps in spite of it; even the philosophies of that East, to which Roth now turns for self-preservation, make self-oblivion the condition of paradise, teach self-immolation, suicide in preference to dishonor, losing oneself to find oneself.

Fortunately, although Roth's flashing scimitar is keen, it is wielded in a dream, of which his opponent, of whom he so deftly disposes, is but a figment. In a real encounter,—but as we started to say, Samuel Roth admits that he has never been able to finish a simple declarative sentence in Zangwill's presence without at least three interruptions. Can one blame Zangwill?

V. R.

Stemming the Tide

The Sectarian Invasion of Our Public Schools, by Louis I. Newman. (Temple Publications, San Francisco.)

THIS book deals with a vital problem of present-day American education, namely the relationship of religious instruction to the public schools. It describes the defeat in the California legislature of the so-called Miller bill, providing for the excuse of pupils from public schools for religious training; the debate on the floor of the Assembly is given in detail. It presents documentary evidence concerning similar efforts in Colorado, Pennsylvania and New York, and concerning various attempts to place Bible reading, anti-evolution propaganda and other sectarian material in the public school curriculum. It presents the text of resolutions and opinions by Jewish and non-Jewish groups. It also gives a

bibliography of the literature on the subject.

It is a valuable source-book and guide in the struggle against the linking of Church and State, destined to grow more acute in the legislatures of the country. It is a significant document in the history of contemporary religious education.

For Art Lovers

Lesser Ury, by Adolph Donath, with sixty black and white and six colored illustrations. (Max Perl, Berlin.)

MOST of the beautiful reproductions of the great artist's biblical and Jewish works which accompanied the article about Ury in the April number of this magazine were taken from the book by Adolph Donath, the well-known writer of "Jewish Songs." These reproductions alone stimulate a desire to own the book. However, the text is on as high a plane as the illustrations. Adolph Donath was among the first to recognize and proclaim the talent of Lesser Ury. His interpretation of the artist's work has aroused understanding for Ury not only in Germany but far beyond her borders, and also has entered into the author's personality and his work in the most animated manner. This book is one of the most beautiful that can be recommended to a Jewish, art-loving home.

I. A.

More Romantic than Fiction

Akiba, by Marcus Lehmann. (Jewish Forum Publishing Co.)

THE romantic story of Rabbi Akiba, written by Marcus Lehmann, late editor of "*Des Israelit*," has been translated and published in English under title of "Akiba," by The Jewish Forum Publishing Co. of New York. Dr. Lehmann, who, during his lifetime, was a noted scholar and writer, has combined all the Talmudic tales of Rabbi Akiba into a narrative of extraordinary interest. The event of his life from the time of his courtship till the day of his martyrdom are more fascinating than many historic novels. Professor Aaron Schaffer of the University of Texas was the translator.

The book is dedicated to the memory of the late Dr. Solomon T. H. Hurwitz, founder of The Jewish Forum, and contains a preface by Dr. Leo Jung, of the Jewish Center of New York.

Hannah's Children

By Yossef Gaer

(Continued from Page 393)

ligion. And in a life where two-thirds of the waking hours are spent in religious ceremonies, Aaron-Zeigil felt highly important and exceedingly pleased with being a man. When any special ceremonies were to be performed he would assume an expression of great responsibility and earnestness. Now, as always on such occasions, he felt himself directly responsible to the Almighty for the sinful woman and his children. He opened the three prayer-books and carefully pointed out the prayer to his wife and the children. Though none but Chaimke could read, they earnestly fixed their eyes upon the spot indicated.

Aaron-Zeigil glanced about him and began to chant mournfully: "Born of Mortals, Dwellers of Darkness and in the Shadow of Death. . . ."

At the end of the prayer, he raised the white rooster from the floor; Chaimke took the brown one; Leah, the chicken; and Tzipoh, the duck. At a sign from the father they swung the fowl three times about their heads while Aaron-Zeigil murmured: "These are our substitutes, our vicarious offerings, our *caporahs*. These fowl shall meet death but we shall find a long and pleasant life of peace."

The fowl struggled and feathers began to fly through the room. Undisturbed, Aaron-Zeigil lighted a match while Leah took each fowl by the beak, raised its head and permitted the flame to singe the feathers of the neck; then threw them under the table. The frightened fowl struggled, tried to jump away and wriggled their bound feet. Especially indignant was the brown rooster. He jumped, turned over the pan of water Tzipoh had used for the polish, and called loudly to rebellion.

Without warning, the door from the street opened and a boy of Chaimke's age entered timidly. He was about Chaimke's height and had the same sharp expression and greenish-olive skin. But there the resemblance ended. In proportion with the other features, his eyes were extraordinary large—large, and black and filled with a pensiveness that bordered on melancholy. A net of fine veins covered his forehead and disappeared under the black curly hair that straggled from beneath his cap. His old grey trousers and black jacket, though badly faded and patched with odd pieces of material, were conspicuously clean. In one hand he carried a cane; in the other, a basket containing chickens.

"God help you!" he greeted, remaining near the door.

"A good year!" Leah replied. "Come in, Moyshel. How fares your mother?"

"Thank you!"

"And your sister?"

"Thank you!"

"But why do you remain near the door? Come in."

Moyshel looked down at his boots.

Though he had tried to scrape the mud off with a stick, there still clung enough mud on them to make him hesitate.

"It does not matter," Leah reassured him, noticing the reason for his hesitancy.

Moyshel came forward a few steps and set the basket on the floor.

"Is it true—I heard that your sister Elka is leaving right after the holidays?" Leah sought to satiate a malicious curiosity.

"Perhaps."

"Whose atonement is this!" exclaimed Feigle approaching the basket.

Moyshel turned to her and answered politely: "Mine."

"A black rooster!" Feigle shouted.

"Black?" Aaron-Zeigil asked in surprise.

"Black!" Feigle repeated.

Aaron-Zeigil drew near the basket and peered over his spectacles. And when convinced that the rooster was coal black, he gently stroked Moyshel's hair.

"Are you coming, Chaimke?" Moyshel asked, discomforted by Aaron-Zeigil's pitying caress.

"In a minute," Chaimke replied.

"I'll fetch the basket from the kitchen. Have you your tickets already?"

"Yes, and you?"

"I think mother has them."

Chaimke brought a large straw basket from the kitchen, and Leah helped him pack the fowl.

"Now remember what I tell you," she instructed. "Tell Reb Pinchos not to throw the duck on the ground. I don't want those feathers stained. And try to come home early."

She tied a black shawl around the boy's neck, adjusted his cap, and moistening two fingers with saliva, brushed back his hair.

With a sigh of relief Moyshel raised his basket. "A good day!" he said politely, starting for the door.

"A good year!" Leah called after him.

Once out of the house, Chaimke and Moyshel started to walk briskly. But soon their shoes became burdened with great masses of mud. They stopped, dug their canes into the mud and cleaned their shoes on them. But within a few paces their shoes were again burdened. Repeatedly they stopped to clean their shoes on their canes, but more often the mud would suddenly part from one of their shoes, leaving it clean, and the wearer, expecting to raise a mass, would narrowly escape falling face foremost into the mud. But Chaimke and Moyshel, born and raised in Yanovke, never fell. Bent forward, they forced their way against the cold October wind that spat icy drops into their faces. Silently they made their way, Moyshel walking in front and Chaimke following in his footsteps.

At last they passed the alley that led to the backyard where the slaughtering

took place. The shed, where Reb Pinchos and his son performed their duties, was merely an extension of a wood-shed with two small windows that opened towards the back of the large yard.

When Chaimke and Moyshel came panting into the yard they exchanged disgusted glances. The two windows were closed, and a group of women, boys and girls were already waiting.

"Let's go to Reb Feivel's," Chaimke suggested.

"What's the use?" asked Moyshel in a hopeless tone. "Reb Feivel must also be in synagogue now."

"Do you think we'll have to wait until they return from evening prayers?"

"How otherwise?"

Chaimke did not reply. Wearily he noticed more people coming through the alley.

Each panting newcomer loudly voiced his disappointment. Some left to try other places, but the greater number remained and searched for a dry spot where they could rest and set down their baskets.

The two boys succeeded in finding a board. They bridged it across two stones near the shed and made a seat for themselves.

"Did your mother decide already whether you're going back to Reb Hazkel, or not?" asked Chaimke.

"Perhaps I will go to Yankel-Sroel-Leib's."

"To Yankel! My father says he's a heretic and trims his beard. Besides, he doesn't know Talmud and Gemorah so well as Hazkel."

"Perhaps yes, and perhaps no."

"Indeed no! My father knows. He says I'm going back to Reb Hazkel until after I'm *bar mitzvah*."

It was growing dark. Chilled by the cold wind the two boys shoved their hands into their sleeves and turning back to back, pressed against each other. In silence they watched the people streaming through the black alley and crowding the yard. Dark figures began to move about restlessly, pressing towards the closed windows.

Suddenly a cry passed through the crowd, followed by the startled screeches of the fowl which were suddenly yanked forward to be ready for slaughter. The two wooden shutters had been removed from the windows of the shed and in the light of a large coal-oil lamp, Reb Pinchos and his son Berele were seen inspecting their razor-like knives. The crowd pressed forward. Chaimke and Moyshel, trying to get nearer the window, pushed and shoved with all their might.

"Look and see—look and see!" yelled Beila the Telepertka as she forced them back. "Such youngsters and already have no respect for their elders. What we are coming to! What we are coming to!"

"Look out!" someone shouted.

Through the window was flung the first slaughtered bird. It jumped a

step, knocked its wings against the mud, and each time its owner attempted to capture it, jumped another step—the blood oozing from its neck. At last it stretched, stiffened and then collapsed limply.

And after the first came the second and the third. Now from one window, now from the other the struggling birds were thrown—the thick blood gurgling forth like water from the narrow neck of an overturned bottle.

Twice, drops of blood fell upon Moyshele's hand. He shivered and quickly wiped it off on his coat. Strange thoughts came to him. He felt that somehow it was all wrong, this killing of poultry as atonement.

He was now located where he could see the people shoving someone at the front to the second window. The lucky one handed in his tickets and the fowl, and then ran back to collect them as they were flung out. One duck was thrown out with its feet unfastened. It fell to the ground and then began to run—toppling over at each step. The crowd cheered and laughed as the owner followed the duck into the high grass and weeds.

Moyshele looked about angrily to see whether Chaimke was one of the mockers but could not discern him in the crowd. His heart palpitated savagely; in his mind thoughts rioted. Suddenly someone pushed him. He started. Two women near him were quarreling over the slaughtered bird that struggled at their feet. He shoved ahead as if to hide in the crowd before him, and found himself near the window. Reb Pinchos took his tickets and the chickens.

Moyshele watched the *shochet* pluck a few feathers from the neck of the black rooster. A round spot of white skin appeared. Then Reb Pinchos took the long sharp knife from between his clenched teeth, and . . . Moyshele closed his eyes and moved back a little.

As he collected the chickens into the basket, he resolved not to touch the meat of the atonement. He tried to find Chaimke, and called his name, but his voice was drowned in the clatter and noise of the crowd. He left alone.

It was nearly midnight when Moyshele reached home. When he entered the kitchen his mother hurried to take the basket from him and drew off his scarf.

"Why are you so late, Moyshele?" she whispered.

"There was a big crowd." His voice shook.

"You are cold, and tired? I have something for you—a surprise!" From the built-in cupboard she brought a small piece of pressed figs.

"Where did you get that?" Moyshele exclaimed joyously as he followed his mother into the dining-room.

"What does it matter? Eat, my son." And while he seated himself at the table to eat the figs with a slice of bread, his mother took off his shoes and fondly pressed his cold wet feet. When he was through eating, she helped him undress and tucked him into his bed, which was nightly constructed from four chairs shoved together seat to seat.

"Aren't you going to sleep yet, mother?"

"Yes, yes, my son—right away."

Physically and mentally exhausted, Moyshele fell asleep immediately. When he awoke—what seemed to him hours later—he saw his mother, through the parted kitchen-door, seated on a low stool cleaning the chickens. Her back was bent low and her wrinkled face was very thoughtful. Moyshele decided to scold her for working so late after a long day's work in the store.

"Mother!" he called rebukingly.

Hannah jumped up, startled by the sudden sound. "What is it, my son?" she asked softly.

"Be so kind and close the door."

When Hannah shut the door Moyshele turned his face to the wall. The tears came flowing, and all the pain that had accumulated in the small restless heart was dismissed through the eyes. He did not clearly understand why he wept, but as the tears dampened the cushion, his heart grew lighter and more peaceful.

Then he fell asleep again.

Gitele

Chapter III.

EARLY next morning Hannah went about her work in the kitchen softly humming a prayer to the accompaniment of the gaily crackling fire in the brick-oven. The warmth that filled the small windowless kitchen colored Hannah's faded cheeks, and when she stooped to see whether the fire was evenly distributed and the dancing flames lit up her face, one understood why Hannah was still talked of as having been the most beautiful girl in Yanovke.

For a moment Hannah remained before the oven peering dreamily into the heart of the flames, then turning she took down the small lamp that hung on a nail above the low table, and shook it gently. Assured by a clocking sound that the tin-container was still full of coal-oil, she turned the wick up until it began to smoke, but she could not force the small lamp to strengthen its dim light. Carefully returning the lamp to its nail, she left the kitchen, soon returning with a large rolling board which she placed on the table. The glowing light from the cavity of the oven drew large shadows in the low dark room, comically exaggerating every change of the moving figure. Now the huge shadow whose head covered the greater part of the ceiling suddenly dwarfed and raced down the wall opposite, as Hannah moved the wooden trough full of dough nearer to the table; and now raced up again, finding the ceiling too small to hold it, as Hannah sprinkled some flour on the board and tore a piece of dough from the trough. And when she approached the oven, throwing into the fire the consecration to God, the shadow inflated, only to quickly shrink again when Hannah returned to her task—rolling out pieces of dough and twisting them into loaves, which she placed in the greased tins arrayed on a large pillow at the back of the oven.

So absorbed was Hannah in the thoughts stimulated by her silent activity that she started when the kitchen-door squeaked open admitting a girl of about fifteen. Unlike either

Hannah or Moyshele, she was fair, her thick braids almost red, her face plump and round, and her cheeks reminders of ripe red apples. Though her small greenish-gray eyes were still heavy with sleep, they already smiled with waking gladness.

"Good morning!" she greeted, walking directly to the front of the oven. "Brrr—but it's cold! Why didn't you wake me, mother?"

"Good morning, Gitele! Why—it is still early!"

"Early?— Surely after six!"

Gitele turned in front of the oven, rubbing her hands and glowing with the joy of the comforting warmth.

"What do you want me to do first?" she asked.

"First wash—and then you'll be able to help me."

Gitele seemed reluctant to leave the dry warmth for the cold water. But compromising with the inevitable, she washed quickly and, hastily murmuring her morning prayer, began to pull out a large basin from under the table where her mother was working.

"What are you going to do, Gitele?"

"Make the meat kosher."

"Leave the meat alone, child. Get the poker and clean the oven first so that we can put in the bread."

Gitele pushed the basin back to its place and went out to fetch the poker from the woodshed.

"Mother, why don't you get a bigger lamp for the kitchen?" she asked when she returned. "One could not recognize a cow from a horse in this light."

"No, child, this is a good lamp and has miraculous virtues. It is small and needs little coal-oil to fill it. And once filled, it seems to burn forever."

Gitele smiled. She understood the stern necessity that drove her mother to save every fraction of a *kopeck*.

"And why did you get up so early?"

Gitele asked her brother, who had come into the kitchen unnoticed.

"You up already?" Hannah wondered. "And where is your 'good morning?'"

"Good morning!" Moyshele muttered sleepily.

"Start the *samovar*, Moyshele!" Hannah commanded. "There are hot coals and it will boil quickly."

"Gitele can do it," Moyshele sulked.

"Why can't you do it?" Gitele protested angrily.

"Because I want to get through early so I can go to the bath-house with Chaimke and his father," Moyshele quickly justified himself.

"Moyshele, start the *samovar* and don't argue! Gitele has other work to do."

"I'll do it, mother," Gitele compromised, "but he'll have to remember it."

But Moyshele anticipated her and ran out, quickly returning with a pan for the hot coals.

"I'll start it," he said to his sister, "but you'll have to look after it because I want to pray right away."

He ran out with the hot coals, and soon returned. Then he washed himself at the wooden wash-stand, and left the kitchen. A few minutes later he was heard singing the morning prayers. He had a pleasing voice and knew almost all the prayers and their melodies by heart.

"It is getting too warm in here," Gitele whispered, as she opened the door into the room where her brother paced to and fro, prayer-book in hand. She silently returned to her work, glancing at her mother who was listening to the prayers and murmuring: "Blessed is He and Blessed is His Name!"—each time the name of Jehovah was mentioned.

Suddenly Moyshele's voice died away. Through the open door Gitele could see him standing in the middle of the room facing east. He swayed his body forward and backward as if keeping time to some divine metre that could be heard in the heart only. Then he gradually stopped swaying as if listening to something so fine that even the swaying of his body was disturbing. And, finally, as if consecrated by a divine message, he bowed to the left and to the right, and sang: "Maker of Peace in His Heights, He shall bring peace upon us and upon all of Israel, and ye shall say, Amen!"

"Amen!" Hannah repeated softly.

"Good-morning!" greeted her neighbor, Deenah, who came into the kitchen through the back door.

Deenah's most distinctive characteristic was neither her extreme corpulence nor her red birth-marked cheek, but her skirt—her wide, faded skirt which was always covered with dirt and sagged in the back under a mass of dried mud.

"Good-morning!" answered Hannah. "How is Rissel?"

"She's much better this morning. I would call the doctor again, but he is such a pig that I can't tolerate the sight of him."

"What does he say?"

"Noo—go and believe a piggyish-Goy what he says. He says that she has stuffed herself with rubbish. He is such an anti-Semite that only one God in Heaven knows how to punish him."

"Before the Day of Atonement one should not curse even the worst enemy," Hannah reproved.

"I don't wish him any ill," Deenah replied, "but if he should have boils in his stomach to equal the number of troubles he causes the Jews it would be no crime."

"And why have you that flour sack in your hands?" Gitele asked, knowing that Deenah had forgotten her purpose and was now started on a line of gossip particularly displeasing to Hannah.

"Oh—the sack? I want some flour. I just decided to make some *kichlach* when I discovered I haven't sufficient flour left even for a cure."

"I'll weigh the flour out," Gitele volunteered. "What kind did you say you wanted, Deenah? That for nineteen *kopecks* or the other for seventeen and a half?"

Deenah followed Gitele through the dining-room into the front room that had been converted into a flour-store. A few sacks of flour were lined against the walls; the tops of those half-empty rolled down so that the customers could inspect the quality of the flour. Between the sacks peeped small mice-traps. From the centre of the ceiling hung a balance-scale, provided on one side with a flat tin plate for the weights and on the other, with a large scoop-like pan.

"How many pounds did you say you wanted?"

"I think two pounds will be enough."

"Take an *oka*, Deenah, and it will be straight nineteen *kopecks*."

"Nineteen did you say? Why nineteen? I thought you said seventeen."

"Then it is the other for seventeen and a half that you want." Gitele began to scoop the flour.

"Wait, Gitele. And maybe you are right. For *kichlach* I should get the whitest flour. Nineteen did you say? Not eighteen and a half? Nineteen is too much. Sorke the *Moid* bought flour for eighteen *kopecks* and just as white."

"And where did she buy it?"

"I don't know."

"Then she did not tell you the truth. For if it was as white as this she paid nineteen and a half if not twenty *kopecks* the *oka*."

Gitele began to weigh out the flour, adding it very slowly until the tongue of the scale pointed to the exact center.

"A little more,—a little more," Deenah begged. "One would think it is gold the way you mete it out."

"If you wanted two *okas* you should have said so in the beginning," Gitele joked. "Hold out your sack."

Deenah paid for the flour and started back toward the kitchen.

"You can leave through here," Gitele suggested and hastily began unbolting the door that led to the street.

"Not necessary," Deenah replied and entered the kitchen.

"You are a blessed woman, Hannah, to have such children. Your Gitele is worth a fortune. As Tobah Chaim's said to me the other day: 'Hannah is fortunate to have such children. Every one of them. She is really to be envied.' Said I to her: 'Yes, she is to be envied, but as soon as her children are grown they leave only wounds in her heart.' You know, Tobah is envious. Her children are such stupid—the good God should not punish me for my words. They are worse than Clay-Golems."

"Tomorrow is the Day of Atonement, Deenah," Hannah reproved.

"And have you your bread in the oven already, Deenah?" Gitele asked.

"No, daughter, I haven't even the fire started."

"And it is nearly the hour of eight!"

"Te—te—! I must be going, or I'll never be done. And Gitele will soon be home from the bath-house."

As soon as her neighbor had left, Hannah turned to Gitele. "How many times must I tell you that I don't like the way you talk to Deenah?" she scolded.

"But, mother, she wouldn't have left today if I hadn't reminded her!"

"Respect your elders, daughter, respect your elders. Remember you are Hannah-Yehoodah-Leib's daughter!"

Gitele, relieved by the whistle of the boiling *samovar*, hastened to place the damper on it, and brought the sizzling *samovar* into the dining-room to its place on the table. While the tea was drawing, she transferred the bedding from the four chairs to the large wooden bed that stood in the corner of the room, and shoved the chairs near the round table.

At length the family gathered at the table for their usual breakfast of tea

and bread. They ate in silence. Hannah dipped a dry crust in her tea, then slowly labored with it now on one side of her mouth, now on the other. Moyshele and Gitele often raised their eyes to their mother, but went on with their meal without exchanging a word.

After breakfast Moyshele received a *kopeck* and clean underwear and left to join Chaimke at the bath-house.

Gitele began her daily duty of putting the dining-room in order. There was little furniture in the room; the old carved bed—a remnant of ancient days; the table with the two drop leaves that made it round; the four chairs; the upholstered sofa with red plush cover and decorative white buttons; and the large mirror that was known to everyone in Yanovke. This mirror had a history attached to it and for many years continued without a rival amongst the thousand households in Yanovke. Once, even Shimon the Rich offered seventy-five rubles for it. But Hannah's message was carried back to him that if it was good enough for anybody it was not any too good for Hannah-Yehoodah-Leib's.

Proud as she was of it, Gitele did not like the mirror. First of all, it was a nuisance to clean the elaborately carved gilt frame; and, secondly, the mirror was useless as a reflector. Besides being badly spotted, it tinted all things green, and even her rosy face appeared in the mirror as if she had just left the sickroom after a severe illness. "Stupid," her mother argued, "it isn't the mirror that is of any value. It is its history." Gitele did not quite understand, but agreed.

After clearing the table, Gitele left the room and climbed up to the attic. In the darkness the small ventilation hole in the gabled roof seemed like an evil eye prying into the secrets of the garret and watching Gitele as she threw herself upon her knees and from beneath a mass of discarded rags pulled out a little box. She cleared it of its contents and began to count: "One *kopeck* and a half is a *kopeck* and a half, and two *kopecks* is three and a half *kopecks*. . . . Eighteen *kopecks* all in all. Still two *kopecks* short. Where can she get them?"

And now, after weeks of saving, Gitele realized another difficulty: even if she gets the other two *kopecks*, what will she tell her mother? Her mother will surely press for an explanation.

Gitele tied the coins in the corner of her handkerchief and hid it in the bosom of her dress.

"What were you doing in the attic?" her mother questioned when she came down.

"I was just looking for a dust-rag. Shall I open the door of the store, now?"

"No, child, who will come for flour today? And there won't be a single peasant in town. They all know it's a Jewish holiday."

Gitele's face fell. If the store remained closed where could she secure the two *kopecks*? She stood looking at her mother.

"Don't stand around, child! This is no time for idling. I want to be at the 'Plates' at two o'clock."

(To Be Continued)

Bryan's Only Unspoken Speech

By Joel Blau

(Continued from Page 401)

A classical example of this method we have in Gladstone's defense of Genesis, and we know in what masterly, at the same time tolerant and sagacious, fashion Huxley dealt with him. The trouble with this method is that it all too manifestly bears the stamp of intellectual dishonesty or at best unintellectual self-deceit. No true modernist will juggle old texts in order to harmonize them in an artificial manner with the hard-won findings of science.

It is much better to acknowledge without hesitation that Genesis and evolution are contradictory. It is better and more honest to admit that early poetic legends, enshrined in no matter how sacred a book, can at best have a poetic value and not scientific veracity. Legends grow wherever men grope. Myth in a sense is the finest creation of man. But myth cannot take place of fact or of reasoned inference. The story of Genesis is a myth, plain and simple. As a myth it contains certain germs of truth, and not the last flowering and fruitage of truth. Indeed, it is wonderful that even the story of Genesis furnishes a hint dimly seen of a creative purpose that was gradual in its unfolding, but to accept that story as a literal statement of the actual method of creation or of evolution would be to misunderstand the nature of the myth-creating function of the human mind. Genesis is not the story of how the world began; it is rather the story of how man began to think about the world. The beginning of thought, as represented in myth, is probably just as important an event as the beginning of the world. Indeed, that may be the true Genesis.

All this is fairly familiar ground and would require no going over, but for the Dayton trial and the Bryan speech. What does require repeated emphasis is telling well-meaning but not sufficiently informed modernists that nothing can possibly be gained from any artificial attempt at reconciling Genesis with evolution. They are opposed. And because Genesis and evolution are opposed, therefore the likelihood of truth does not lie on the side of Genesis, which is the earlier revelation of God's truth in myth, but on the side of evolution, which is the later, if not latest (for there is no such thing), revelation of God in science.

But, say Bryan and his like, what shall become of religion if Genesis goes? This is the fundamental fallacy of fundamentalism: it identifies religion with Genesis.

IV

THIS fundamental fallacy is part of that larger fallacy already touched upon: the fallacy of Bibliolatry. Religion is identified with the Bible. Religion becomes book-religion. Religion

is narrowed down to what a certain book, or a certain man, or a group of men, say about it. This is connected with another fallacy: the identification of religion with theology. But religion is larger than anything anybody, no matter how great, ever said about it; religion is larger than any credal statement. Theology is not lightly to be dismissed: it represents a reasoned attempt to cast the aspiration of the heart into a formal mould of well-articulated principles. Without such principles religion is apt to run to vague and unreal "*Schwaermerei*"; and theology, trying to prevent such mere romantic wooing of vast emptinesses, gives religion the hard chiselling of an intellectual proposition. So far so good; but theology has invariably the habit of going "by the book," as it were; of confining itself to a system, a creed, a canon. And that is where it goes wrong. For religion cannot be crowded into a book or a system. It cannot be plainly itemized. It is too rich, too abundant for that. No book is sacred, but the heart makes it so. And no book can ever be as sacred as the reverent heart from which it derives its real sanction, its authentic inspiration.

Inspiration is a fact. If any fact in nature cannot be denied, this cannot. Every poet, every artist, every prophet knows how incontrovertible a fact inspiration is in the creative life. But it is a debasement of the nobility and grandeur of this paramount natural fact of inspiration to believe that it works in any crudely literal and material fashion. If Moses could be cited, he would tell us how he received the divine revelation. If Isaiah could be summoned, he would explain how the living coal of God's fire touched his lips until he spoke as men never spoke before. Failing these really authentic voices, we must listen to what creative artists tell us of the process of inspiration in their own souls, of the sublime assault upon their lesser spirit by an inrushing Vastness which takes possession of their whole being. We must listen to the scientists who explain these processes. We know that deep in the very well-spring of our being this automatic operation of the intellect which we call inspiration has its origin; and as religionists we can believe that our God makes use of the profound channels of our nature, not in order to communicate literal truth to us (would that this could be!), but in order to give our life a general direction toward wholly unexplored areas of thought and achievement. Only those who have felt this urge of the spirit can tell of it, of its vividness and reality, but they would be the first to protest against the literal conception of inspiration or divine dictation such as implied in the fundamentalist

position that identifies religion with book-religion.

If religion means a growing and constantly enlarging experience, organized into fair forms of individual and social achievement under the spell of the divine inspiration, then we must be guarded against the fallacy of identifying religion with any statement of it in tradition or testimony. So much seems plain common sense.

V

ONE would have to write an article as long as Bryan's speech in order to meet every one of his arguments. And I do not mean to be quite as prolix. Let us come nearer to the question of evolution in its relation to the idealism of religion. Says the fundamentalist that evolution is a materialistic doctrine. It leaves no room for a God, or for immortality. It degrades man, bringing him into kinship with the lower animal; it degrades woman by denying her noble birth from Adam's rib. It removes the direct contact of a loving God from his creation by substituting for it a prolonged mechanical process of development working entirely in blind fashion.

Liberal religionists, however, insist that evolution might well have been the method of creation. Some philosophers agree with this. The most radical evolutionists do not deny it; they can only say: "*ignoramus, ignorabimus!*" In fact, liberal religionists who feel deeply on the subject may advance the thought that there is something more moving in the conception of the panorama of a slowly, patiently, yet surely unfolding creative plan, in which form gives rise to form in infinite variety, than in the notion of an immediate, personal interference of a Creator at every single step in the process. Looked at from this angle, evolution is a profoundly religious doctrine.

As for our kinship with the lower brutes being degrading to man, I for one cannot understand how any truly religious person can suggest any such thing. To the religious man all life is sacred. The wonder of a living lichen is no smaller than the miracle of a breathing body. We swim in a sea of life and consciousness. The Universal Life presses through all available apertures and, wherever it can, it expresses itself in various degrees of completeness through the finite mind and the finite life. Thus are we members of the same community of life and thought flung over the whole of creation; and what can there be degrading about the teaching of our being immediately derived from any lower animal order, when mediately we are all—all created things alike—derived from the same incomprehensible Universal Life? If anything, the opposition to the doctrine of evolution from this angle is irreligious and

shows a very restricted view of the grandeur and majesty of triumphant life.

As for the question of the soul and of immortality, while scientists may have nothing to do with it, it is not at all contradictory to but rather in line with the evolutionary theory that the soul, at one point or other, emerged in the scheme, just as other advances were made in the course of evolution. At what point we do not know. The Thought that pressed onward from form to form, becoming increasingly aware of itself, finally awoke to full consciousness in man, the ensouled being. The whole process of evolution may be said to be like an eyelid slowly opening of a morning to admit the light. There is beauty in the thought. There is vision, and there is inspiration. The eyelid is still straining to open wider and wider. And the light is still growing brighter and brighter. Some day even the anti-evolutionists may behold it.

There seems no need to dwell upon the charge that the evolutionary doctrine must lead to immortality. When a man is angry, he will call his opponent names and accuse him of all kinds of heinous crime. Nor is there any need to enlarge upon the supposed connection between evolution and Nietzsche: it would lead us too far afield. The fallacy of those who object to the theory of evolution on religious and moral grounds, as being degrading to man, may be summed up in few words. Granted that the thought of our humble origin is humiliating, why look backward? The evolutionist looks forward. We may have come, but we are tending away, from the beast. Look not at our origin, but rather regard our destiny!

VI

BUT, be this as it may, one last word of warning if not of protest must be spoken. Fundamentalists may adopt and teach whatever doctrine they care. Under the constitution they are entitled to that, so long as they do not try to rob others of a like privilege. The liberal-minded religionists may not approve of their doctrine; they may honestly believe that the progress of religious thought in the world demands a new and freer orientation; but by their very love of freedom they are committed to a policy of religious toleration and non-interference. They cannot therefore help it if, from another than a religious standpoint, they must regard the fundamentalist movement with some misgiving.

With fundamentalism as a religious theory they have no very violent quarrel. *But should fundamentalism ever prove not merely a religious theory but a political movement masking itself behind religion, it will find every righteous and liberal-minded citizen of this great land arrayed against it.* Yet, there are sinister signs pointing in this very direction. An attempt is to be made to capture the schools and the legislatures of the country, with a view to restricting the freedom of teaching. This shall not be!

It is of no earthly use to enter into any argument on this subject. The matter admits of no argument. The schools are sacred: no creed or sect dare lay unhallowed hands upon them! They ask: Schools do not permit the teaching of Christianity, why should they be permitted to teach anti-Christianity? We shall not argue about this—as yet. The argument is irrelevant. The main issue is: Shall our schools be conducted in the spirit of free investigation or not? The Constitution says, Yes. And if fundamentalists say, No; and if they seek a means of making political capital out of this issue an appeal to mass bigotry and mass prejudice, they will encounter a resolute opposition, fired by righteous wrath, such as they never expected. We shall allow no one to abridge our liberties. The fundamentalists want a science which, according to their standards, shall be “safe and sane.” But Americans at large want schools where both safety and sanity shall be expressed in terms of liberty.

And I want to warn my people against the danger from this quarter. Do not say that I am seeing ghosts. I have listened to the fundamentalists and I do not like the sound of their voice. They are threatening. They want the schools. And do not say that the danger will vanish; that only the ignorant can for a time be captured by this madness. The fundamentalists are far from ignorant. At least some of them make a noise as if they were learned. Some of them are skilled enough to use the weapons of dialectics. Remember that if the wicked can quote the Bible for their purpose, the saints can quote science for their purpose. And I cannot imagine anything more dangerous than saints who leave their psalm-singing and begin to quote Spencer and Darwin.

Vigilance is the eternal price of freedom. And the fundamentalists bear watching—not as religionists but as vehement, passion-blinded political agitators. Beware!

Have the Jews an Inferiority Complex?

(Continued from Page 399)

the *Nation* some years ago pointing out the injustice of the late Prof. Morris Jastrow in referring to the famed Orientalist, Joseph Halevy and Jules Oppen as Frenchmen.

The attitude toward Yiddish, too, though of late an improvement in this regard is noticeable, indicates that the feeling of inferiority oppresses the semi-Americanized and wholly assimilated Jew. If Yiddish were spoken by the English people, or, for that matter, the Dutch or Hungarians, it would have been studied very diligently in all its phases. It happens to be the language spoken or understood by nine million or more Jews, and it is set down as a jargon, ridiculed and despised.

THE inferiority complex, like other complexes, makes its appearance in many disguises. Perhaps it will be found difficult to countenance the statement that the great ado made over

anti-Jewish utterances is only a compensatory reaction in accordance with the theory as expounded in the opening of this article. Such writing as Samuels' “You Gentiles” are the unconscious urges of this complex to counterbalance its own status. Anyone who goes about *arguing his superiority* only betrays himself and far from gaining his purpose only defeats it.

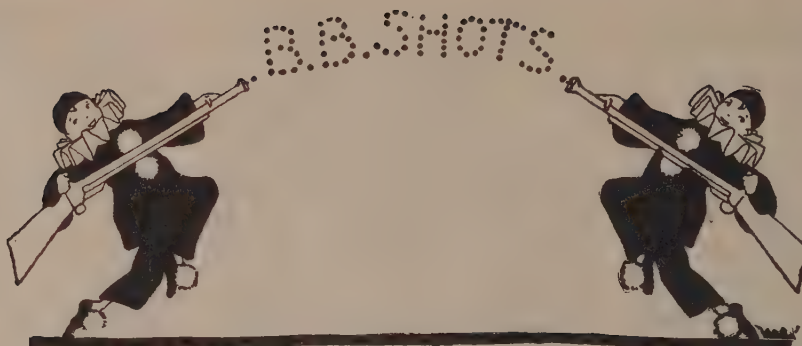
It was legitimate for a great legislator to elevate a recalcitrant horde to the level of a “chosen people” by inculcating into them the spirit of “noblesse oblige.” It is perhaps legitimate for us, their descendants, to believe inwardly that we are superior to other nations, but *the moment we begin to convince others of this superiority, we are disclosing an inferiority complex.* The superior individual may even as in the case of Kepler, Schopenhauer or Charles Fourier, immodestly proclaim his greatness, but *he never argues it*, and furthermore, let us bear in mind that geniuses, such as the ones mentioned, are not immune from the inferiority complex which causes them to seek relief in over-compensation of an absurd kind.

THE excessive anti-defamation activities might also be considered as a symptom of the same weakness. When a Jewish comedian introduces in his act, malicious innuendo about the Jews, such as might give the impression that they are fraudulent or given to incendiarism, he certainly should be taken to book and shown no quarter, but I can see no defamation in the act of a Jewish comedian who cleverly imitates Jewish mannerisms and dispenses bits of Jewish humor to the audience. The line ought naturally to be drawn between a comedian like Manny King, whose antics are disgusting, even revolting and, though not containing any allusions as such to the Jews, damaging, because he visibly represents the Jew of a certain type, in his talk, gestures, etc.—any comedians like Slitkin and Slotkin who, though moving articulately in a Jewish atmosphere, leave a sympathetic impression.

Freedom from the inferiority complex is of course a rare thing, but the possession of a sense of humor is a guarantee at least that the inferiority complex is not deep-seated, and, paradoxical as it may seem, the Jews of the old country are less troubled with this complex than their half-assimilated race fellows. Another observation that occurs to me is that the thoroughly assimilated French and Italian Jews are relatively free from this trait as compared with their German, Austrian and American brethren.

What seems to have partially affected for the better the inferiority complex lately is the Zionist movement, and especially the recent happenings in Palestine; but in my estimation it is not an ailment which can be effectually cured by political events, for other complications may arise which would call into play the complex in one or more of its protean forms; and so we can only comfort ourselves with the philosophy that

*What cannot be cured
Must be endured.*



COMBINED LIABILITIES

Jones—I see in the papers that a widow with nine children married a widower with eight.

Bones—That wasn't marriage. It was a merger.

—B—B—

MOTTO FOR A CAFETERIA

"Heaven helps those who help themselves. Pay the cashier as you pass."

—B—B—

Abe Cohen went every night to a pool room of Kelly & O'Brien to play for ten cents a point. One evening Mrs. Cohen was awakened by a loud and persistent knocking on her front door. She stuck her head out of the window and called, "Who is id? Vadt you vant?"

"Does Mrs. Cohen live here?" asked a man on the step.

"I am Mrs. Cohen," she replied.

"Well, I am Mr. Kelly from the pool room up the street. Your husband shoots pool there every evening."

"Vell, I know dat."

"He was shooting tonight and lost \$1,500."

"Och mein Gott! Mein husband lost \$1,500 shooting pool? He should drop dead!"

"That's what he did, madam. Good night."

—B—B—

REASON FOR CELEBRATION

Little boy, can you tell me why we celebrate Washington's birthday?

Yes'm, cause there aint no school.

—B—B—

She (tearfully)—You married me because you knew I had a little money.

He—No, I married you because I thought you had a lot.

—B—B—

THE SHRILLER SEX

Son—It says here that the average woman has a vocabulary of only 500 words.

Father (in business)—It's a small stock but think of the turnover!

HELP! Help! Help! We have been so riddled with B. B. Shots, that we have decided to surrender no less than five Menorah buttons.

The victors are: Ralph Uhrmacher, Hot Springs, Ark., who sent in a dozen hand-picked jokes and who is hereby designated "expert rifleman"; I. Marcus, Saint Louis, who contributed the first three jokes in the first column; E. Kram, Kansas City, who sent in "She Flew"; Ashel Booth, of Woonsocket, R. I., who socked us with "When the Czar Still Ruled," and Samuel Newberger, New York, who postal-carded the "Schadchen" thing.

A whole flock of B. B. Shots, which space alone keeps out of the present issue, will appear next month. However, there is still room for that joke which prevented the family from eating their soup. Shoot it to the B. B. Shots Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, 7 South Dearborn St., Chicago.

HE KNEW

A tramp called at a country home the other day and asked for some food. As the lady of the house refused to give him any, and as the man would not go away, she told him she would call her husband.

"Oh, no, you won't," replied the tramp, "because he ain't in."

"How do you know?" asked the woman.

"Because," answered the tramp, as he sidled toward the gate, "a man who marries a woman with a face like yours is only home at meal times."

—B—B—

PAINLESS DENTISTRY

"Young man," said the boss, "You told me yesterday you had an engagement with your dentist."

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well, I saw you at the ball game."

"Yes, sir. The tall man sitting next to me was my dentist."

ALL THE REQUIREMENTS

"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager.

"He must be a wide-awake fellow and accustomed to complaints."

"That's me," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of twins."

—B—B—

AMPLY PAID

Two Irishmen were watching a Shriners' parade.

Who are those fellows, Mike?

They're Shriners.

And what are Shriners?

Why, they're Masons.

Sure, and what the devil do they want now? They're gettin' \$18 a day!

—B—B—

LUCK AT LAST

Ambitious Author—Hurrah, five dollars for my latest story!

Fast Friend—Who from?

Writer—The express company. They lost it!

—B—B—

SHE FLEW

"Do angels have wings, mummy?"

"Yes, darling."

"Can they fly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then when is nursie going to fly, 'cause Daddy called her an angel last night?"

"Tomorrow, darling."

—B—B—

WHEN THE CZAR STILL RULED

In Moscow under Czarism, two Jews were holding a conversation on the street in Russian. A third Jew, overhearing their conversation, asked, "Why do you converse in Russian? People will know you are Jews. Why not talk in Hebrew and then they will know that you are Goyem."

—B—B—

Shadchen (Jewish Matchmaker)—"I have a girl with \$20,000."

Willing Youth—"Can I see her picture?"

Matchmaker—"With \$20,000 we don't show any pictures."

SEPTEMBER, 1925

My Impressions of Jewish Conditions in Mexico

By Rabbi Martin Zielonka

TO understand the condition of the Jewish immigrant in Mexico City today, one must go back not less than four or five years. At that time the influx began. It was not a mass immigration, but a steady flow of pioneer spirits who would not tolerate European conditions and sought a place of refuge. To obtain a visa for the United States, where they might join relatives, was a long and tedious and often unsuccessful effort. Mexico was a neighbor of the United States; perhaps entrance to the land of opportunity could be facilitated by migrating to Mexico. That was the thought uppermost in the minds of the majority four years ago, and that is why about 80 per cent came, at that time, and asked me to obtain the necessary visa that they might immediately enter the United States. They soon learned that Mexican ports of entry were not legal ports of entry for European immigrants. They were disillusioned, and it was with effort that they finally decided to establish themselves in a Spanish environment.

Two years ago conditions had changed for the better. The earlier immigrants had found opportunity and seized it. They were prospering in a material way. The beginning was hard, but they realized that with honest effort they could establish themselves and that they could not be molested. Many looked upon Mexico as a "haven of refuge," not as a "way station" to the United States. At that time less than 40 per cent of the newer immigrants asked me to obtain visas for them.

This year I saw the beginnings of a stable Jewish community that will, within a short time, take its place among the Jewish centers of the world. Only two men asked for visas for their families; one was a citizen of the United States and one, having his first papers, had gone to Europe to find his family and then had been refused re-

admission. A number of men who had entered the United States legally had returned to Mexico because they felt that greater opportunity awaited them there.

This change of attitude was facilitated by the B'nai B'rith work in Mexico City. At 5a Calle de Mina 95, a building had been rented and offices opened. This building was large enough to be a *Hachneses Orchin* for the new immigrant. Here he came in touch with Mexican life in a Jewish environment; here his problems were discussed, he was advised about his duties and his responsibilities to the land of his adoption; here he was instructed in Spanish, and here he found an employment agency that helped him get his first job, or, if he had some money, he was protected against sharks who sought to take it away by inducing him to assume business obligations that offered no future.

MR. WEINBERGER and Mr. Gamze, the manager and assistant manager of the work in Mexico, often worked till midnight and after in listening to the stories of the immigrants and getting in touch with their relatives in the United States. Often, it was not money that was needed, but proper guidance and the personal service rendered to them was worth a hundred-fold the amount of financial aid extended. Mr. Maurice Hexter of Boston, who was recently in Mexico investigating conditions for a New York committee, writes me, "I found that Mr. Weinberger has done a magnificently herculean task. Without him much suffering would have entailed. I cannot commend his work too highly."

The B'nai B'rith is better known in Mexico City than in any of the large cities of the United States. It is recognized as the one Jewish agency that came to the help of a very small Jewish group when they were facing a serious crisis, when they did not know how to help and when they could not

help adequately. If there is any fear for the future development of a Jewish community spirit in Mexico City, it is the danger that they may rely too much upon the initiative of the B'nai B'rith. If properly handled this fear will prove groundless.

The total immigration to Mexico is about 2,000 persons a month. About 10 per cent of this number are our co-religionists. They rank third in number, being outnumbered by Spaniards and Italians. They are welcome. The chief of the immigration service at Vera Cruz told our investigator that he "considered the Jewish element desirable."

The immigrants have busied themselves with every means of earning a livelihood. Some are laborers; some are peddlers; some have opened small shops dealing in groceries, hardware, jewelry and custom tailoring. Others have opened small factories for the manufacture of paper boxes, suspenders, garters, belts, leather goods, children's dresses, cheap jewelry and furniture. Others have entered the trades and, as they learn the language and the customs of the country, they are opening up places of their own. Others are selling goods on the installment plan, while others again have opened dairies and chicken farms. In fact, they are entering every avenue of endeavor.

Three young men came over together, a carpenter, an electrician and a painter; they formed a partnership and are now undertaking small contracts. One saw the possibilities for a paper-box factory and is now employing a number of workers. This list could be enlarged without difficulty; they are simply examples of what has been done and is being done.

The religious needs of the community are met by a congregation called *Nidche Yisroel* and a *Talmud Torah*, partly subsidized by the B'nai B'rith and where about 100 children receive their religious training.

THE relief work of the community, especially the needs of the sick and the hospital cases, are partly met by the *Beneficencia* (Relief Society) which gives its funds to the B'nai B'rith fund.

The social needs are met by a Y. M. H. A., which on July 25, dedicated its third quarters at *Tacuba* 15. Each year it has moved into larger quarters and it is a splendid force in the social life of the immigrant. It differs from the social clubs of other lands in that no games of chance are permitted. It offers a meeting place for the various groups each evening, a splendid dance hall, a pool and billiard table; but more than all these, it has the nucleus of a splendid library, which is used extensively.

Besides these organizations there is a *Cultur Verein*, an *Agricultura*, a society composed of men who wish to colonize on land, and a Zionist Society. The latter recently gave a Yiddish play at the *Teatro Arheu*, which was attended by more than seven hundred.

Two outstanding needs are present: First—a Jewish cemetery. Sephardic Jews have a cemetery, but it seems impossible to make suitable arrangements for its use by the newer immigrants. Jewish history is repeating itself in Mexico City! While in Mexico City I made final arrangements for meeting this need. An Hungarian Jew, Mauricio Mentzer, who has lived in Mexico twenty-five years, has offered to donate 600 meters square for this purpose. The location is ideal—across the road from the large community cemetery where funeral cars can come up to the gate. The other need is a dispensary for the treatment of minor ailments. The immigrants have suffered greatly in Europe and this suffering has reacted upon their physical condition. A sympathetic medical adviser who could speak to them in Yiddish and could sympathize with their condition would help them overcome much of their neurasthenia. A small fee might be charged. At present the immigrants put off consulting a physician on account of the cost. This need will be met by the B'nai B'rith during the coming year.

In Mexico City there is a Jewish community in the making. Where a few years ago there was only a scattering of Jews who did not want to be known as such, today there are at least four thousand who are creating a Jewish life in a Spanish environment. Some of the oldest Jewish settlers told me that the time had come when one need not hide his Jewish identity in the city of Mexico. Due to the work of the B'nai

B'rith the immigrants are adjusting themselves to the new environment with a minimum of suffering and heartache. In a short time these immigrants ought to be prosperous enough to meet the demands of the newer immigrants, and when that time comes the B'nai B'rith can retire with the consciousness that it has helped in the creation of a new Jewish center and that it pointed the way out of suffering and unjust discriminations to thousands of fellow Jews. As I see it, the children and the children's children of these immigrants will offer a special *Mi Sheberech* for the welfare of the B'nai B'rith.

Progress of Events

(Continued from Page 390)

Outside of the fact that six presidents—Grant, Garfield, Arthur, Hayes, McKinley and Wilson—have worshipped there, St. James has small reason for existence. Architecturally it is undistinguished. Its membership is small and dwindling. The extent of its moral force is illustrated by the fact that no attempt had been made by the congregation to save the edifice from being posted for sale.

Fortunately for this country, however, sentimental considerations have often outweighed the materialistic. Mr. Levy is not the first sentimental Jew in American history,—nor is he likely to be the last. It was a sentimental Jew, for instance, who financed that dreamer Columbus in his fantastic attempt to find India by sailing to the west. Ironically, the same month that saw the caravels of Columbus set sail out of Genoa harbor saw the signing of the order expelling the Jews from Spain.

Sentimental Jews followed the sentimental Roger Williams into Rhode Island and helped establish Newport, because of their love for so vague an ideal as religious freedom. At a critical point in the American Revolution, another sentimental Jew, Haym Salomon, risked his fortune to support the revolting colonists. He became the financial genius of our struggle for independence, when the Continental Congress was so weak financially that it is still a byword. We still say that a thing "isn't worth a continental." Neither Salomon nor his heirs ever received one penny in compensation—and the text books ignore him.

Other sentimental Jews have sacrificed their lives for their country or have given lavishly of their genius and means for such nebulous ideals as

"world peace," "democratization of industry" and the "right of labor to bargain collectively." They have given themselves freely to elevate the standards of the arts on the stage, in literature, in marble, on canvas and in music. They have sacrificed sight and health in peering through lenses and bending over test tubes in search of the cause of disease, to solve the mystery of the elements and to harness their potential energies to the emancipation of mankind from labor.

In spite of the higher anti-Semitism, which complains that the Jew is too purposeful ("teleological" is the correct slang for it)—an offense on a par with that other fault of "intellectuality"—the sentimental Mr. Levy is by no means the first of his faith to yield to an emotional impulse and to benefit his fellow men by yielding. Nor in spite of enough Kleagles to control the output of the entire white goods industry will he be the last.

Communications

Washington, Pennsylvania.

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

What can Christians do to help promote understanding and good will between Jews and Christians?

The above question was asked in the May issue of THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. I have often thought that there was one thing Christians could do that would further good will among these two peoples more than anything else; and that is to cease preaching that salvation can be had ONLY through Jesus Christ, and that all those who do not accept Him are damned.

My father, although a conscientious orthodox Jew, always preached that the righteous of all nations shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven;—what a contrast here.

J. M. A.

Ashville, N. C.

B'nai B'rith Magazine,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I enclose a check for \$1.00, for which please send me the magazine for one year, beginning with the March number. I came across the February number and found it so interesting, that I have decided to subscribe.

Sincerely yours,
REV. R. F. CAMPBELL.

Chalutzim of America

By Leonard Cohen

PIONEERS in Judaism are not restricted to Palestine. We also have our *Chalutzim* in America. Here, too, are new lands to meet the needs of coming peoples. Here, too, are quandaries as difficult as Arab could create to snare the missteps of the unwary. Worse, in America there is no solidified purpose, no fusion of interests. Jewish communal life lacks leaders, men capable of intelligent contact with Gentiles and with intelligent understanding of Jews and Judaism.

The Jewish university student, whether he wishes it or not, has placed upon him the obligation of leadership in his community after he leaves school. This means that he must not only be willing to assert himself as a Jew, but that he must be able to do so. Willingness alone does not always mean ability. Laymen who are eager enough are often hampered by the difficulty of obtaining the education necessary to fit them for leadership. But more serious is the difficulty of securing men willing to assume the duties of leadership. To mix with Gentiles as a Jew, to do that, sanely and intelligently, is often a difficult task; it is far easier to mix with Gentiles as a Gentile.

Nor is the Jewish student willing to sacrifice the social prestige, political fortune and financial interest that are often the cost of Jewish identification, especially in the smaller communities of this country. Race pride means nothing to him; it is no recompense. There must be something more than a sense of martyrdom to reward leaders, for if that is all that may be offered, perhaps the unwilling student is right. The sophomoric agnosticism that captures almost every student at one time or another, and holds too many of its captives, must be a channel of positive value.

Significant indeed are these words from a rabbi who has seen the indifference and ignorance of Judaism, "For the present the advancement of Judaism can only mean one thing—the advancement of Jewish learning." Not Jewish learning in a narrow sense, in rabbinical schools and seminaries, but learning that will reach every Jewish student in secular colleges, that will provide the incentive for Jewish service and the material for intelligent understanding. We cannot expect the lay student to go far out of his path

to get this teaching; it must be given to him. And it must be given in a form so attractive that he cannot evade it. The single Jewish member of the exclusive Gentile fraternity must get it as well as the student just arrived from Europe. The instruction must be intelligent and the instructor must have the support of his Jewish organizations and groups as well as the respect and goodwill of the non-Jewish groups.

II

THREE years ago all the Jewish interest at the University of Illinois was centered in a Menorah Society that met once a month in a room on the top floor of one of the university buildings, a half-dozen Greek letter organizations and a temple about two miles from the campus that afforded a bi-weekly service.

The Menorah meetings were few and were attended by a small number of serious students and a larger number of date-seekers. The programs consisted of music, readings, a paper prepared in advance, talks by some older faculty man or occasional visitor and a vast amount of unintelligent argument. The meetings compared favorably with those of almost any Tuesday Ladies' Club. Officers were elected by the group who brought up the most votes at the election meeting. There was no older leader. Faculty men were too busy and the local congregation, which numbered some twenty-five members, could not maintain a permanent rabbi who might serve in that capacity. The Menorah was too ephemeral, there was no place where students might get together informally at times other than meetings.

There were the fraternities and sororities. About half the three hundred Jewish students were in the six houses. But even here the situation was bad. The houses were isolated from each other and from the gentile organizations, which would not admit them into the Inter-fraternity Council. Some of them tried to evade Jewish responsibilities of any sort and to become as much like their Christian neighbors as possible with the material at hand. Successful dating with Gentiles and members whose "looks" were non-Jewish were marks of which to be proud. Competition for members and prestige made some of them ene-

mies, and so there was no chance for friendly, beneficial contacts. Outside of Menorah there was no way to assert oneself in a Jewish work. The non-fraternity group could hardly be called such. Scattered about the rooming houses they had no place to meet outside the Y. M. C. A., where a few asserted their desire to serve by signing up and working on committees. Relations with the fraternities were none too good and, as in the case of the fraternities, the Menorah could not begin to meet the needs.

The local congregation was anxious to serve the students as far as possible and made every effort to do so with its scant facilities. They had a beautiful temple, but unfortunately it had been built on the side of town opposite the campus and the two-mile trip was not very attractive. There was no permanent rabbi, the bi-weekly service being given by a student from Cincinnati. The attendance paralleled that of the temples in the city, with a crowd on *Rosh Hashana* and *Yom Kippur*, and empty pews the rest of the year. The student attendance was deplorable. The only agency that announced services was the student newspaper, and the small notice was unread by most students. There was also an orthodox congregation that provided services for the holidays and did aid a few of the conservative students. But even then the synagogue failed miserably to serve the students.

III

STUDENTS did not hesitate to say that *something* should be done. Even the Menorah was in a bad way. The Intercollegiate Menorah Association threatened to take away the charter of the local chapter if it did not function better. The situation was very much befuddled. No one seemed to have incentive to start a local Jewish renascence. The situation was accepted; that was all.

On the university faculty was a Christian, Professor Edward Chauncey Baldwin, who had been a friend of Jewish students for many years. He saw the situation in better perspective and felt that some positive action was necessary, principally to secure a place near the campus that might provide a meeting ground for the students. There was an excellent objective. Some years before there had been organized at Il-

linois an institution known as the Wesley Foundation. Now housed in a fine building was a place where the Methodist students might gather; there were classrooms where religious courses were taught, a Great Hall for dramatics and meetings, a social hall and a library of general and religious books. The courses offered carried with them full credit in the university and were subject to university approval. Some of the other denominations had followed the plan and were offering similar facilities. With some such plan in mind, Professor Baldwin appealed to Jewish leaders for help. Fortunately for the idea there was a man at hand to carry out the plan. The student who had come every two weeks from Cincinnati to preach at the little temple was just out of school. He, too, had seen the situation and had encountered the difficulties that were so evident. Knowing the student well and appreciating the student mind, Rabbi Frankel was the right man at the right time for the situation.

IV

IN the fall of 1923 the Hillel Foundation greeted the Jewish students. In rented rooms above some stores on the business street of the university district, a few yards from the campus, the experiment began. The rabbi had the support of the students who had led Menorah; they came to the front in Foundation work. Menorah ceased to function as such, its activities were supplanted by Foundation activities. As far as possible, the work of the Foundation was placed in student hands. Six committees were organized, the students choosing the type of work which they preferred. The names of the committee are indicative of the work: social, religious education, Menorah, open forum, social welfare, and publication and publicity. The chairman and sub-chairman of each committee made up the student council. With the committee members there were about fifty students engaged more or less actively in Foundation work. Each committee met once a week and planned the activities, with the rabbi constantly at hand to counsel and guide. A library, small to be true, but a Jewish library, was organized; fortnightly Menorah dinners were given, followed by a paper and discussion; Sunday evening classes were conducted that had as instructors Rabbi Frankel and Dr. A. L. Sachar, of the history department of the university; the services in the temple attracted more and more students. But the Foundation

went beyond mere religious needs. Sick students were visited, scholarship encouraged by offering a trophy; mixers, musicales, teas for the women and smokers for the men were given and large numbers of the students attracted.

The students did not know that they were being converted. The greatest scoffers, those who scorned the religious attractions, came to the mixers or plays. They came again, never for a moment believing that they were yielding, and when they came, they came as Jews. Here was the secret. Perhaps some voice from the ages vibrated, and in time they were working, gaining with every contact another tone, another sound. The Foundation had but to keep them active, had but to make them alive to their Jewishness, and the battle was won.

The second year found the experimental Foundation an institution. It could not die. Its loss would have been contested by the hundreds of friends it had made. Instead of looking for students to serve on committees, committee chairmen found that more had applied than could be placed. Committees had to be enlarged, new activities started. The Foundation idea had found backing from the B'nai B'rith, and a second Foundation had been organized at the University of Wisconsin. This meant additional incentive to make good. Eyes everywhere were watching the experiment. Perhaps here was something that would help solve the problems that Western life had put before Jewry. Men and women who knew Judaism and could, therefore, lead Jewry, had been found. Such ideas came to the students, scattered to be sure, but they were getting a sense of the task that lay before them. They were getting it from speakers, prominent Jewish leaders at the open forum meetings. They were feeling it in their contact with Gentile students on the campus. They were being accepted as Jews and they were losing their false shame. They were meeting workers of the other foundations and discussing mutual problems. When it was found that Hillel could not accommodate the crowds for a dramatic evening, Wesley Foundation gladly extended the use of its hall.

The B'nai B'rith made possible many necessary additions to the work of the Foundation. Dr. Moses Jung was brought as an instructor and courses of university standard were given on week days. It was not long before these received the approval of the university

and students enrolled in them were given full credit for their work.

Registration for the second semester showed a large increase over the first. The Foundation idea was functioning. The courses offered were Jewish history and Social Ideals. Three more courses will be given next year. Another innovation was the Hillel Bulletin, a paper produced entirely by students and issued every two weeks. This, too, has grown, and the coming year will find a literary supplement. The Menorah meetings became more numerous and the attendance so large that the supper meetings had to be abandoned as inadequate. The open forum brought more speakers, the number and size of social functions were increased, every thing had to be on a larger scale to accommodate the students.

The fifty committee workers had grown to almost a hundred. The six committees could hold no more. The writer, as president of the student council, was literally besieged by students looking for committee appointments. Two new committees are planned for the new year, a publicity and a dramatic. Factionalism, the bane of most undertakings of this sort, was absent, fraternity and non-fraternity men, reform Jew and Orthodox Jew working together. There were separate services, to be sure, but they were under the guidance of the Foundation.

Some of the results of the intermingling are interesting. The six Greek letter organizations of two years ago have increased to eleven; certainly the contacts made through the Foundation have had much to do with this. A new Jewish consciousness has been developed. While only a few students had formally marked "Jewish" as their religious preference on the university's registration slips, now practically all did. One university history instructor discovered that students were selecting Jewish subjects for term papers; another that more and more were staying away from classes on the high holidays.

The indifference of a few years back had changed. The change was apparent not only to students and others on the campus, but to visitors as well. The one disappointment of the visitors was the shattering of preconceived notions of a great building. Many came with a notion of an idealized Y. M. C. A. They looked about the little quarters. How could all this work be done in such a small place! But if so much could be accomplished in such small quarters how much more could be done in quarters as ample as those of some

of the other foundations on the campus. The students had always the vision of their own building, with class rooms, social hall and library, and an adjacent temple.

The action of the last B'nai B'rith convention in approving the establishment of two new foundations each year for the next five means much. It means permanence, it means approval, it means the beginning of a reaffirmation of faith in Judaism. The indifference that has marked the westernization of Jewry can only lead to suicide. And that indifference has been most marked in college students. The Hillel Foundations have shown a way to combat this indifference. The results are positive. Our Jewish students are active Jews, they will go out as active workers. Lay leaders will acquire a wider range of respect borne of a widened intelligence. Instead of becoming a stagnant pool of Jewry, America will become a center of Jewish culture. And as the influence of the Foundation

reaches more and more students each year, it will become more and more a benefit to American Jewry.

But a few principles govern the work of the Foundation. There must be a trained man to direct and advise the students. The activities offered must be balanced and of sufficient variety to attract everyone. Every activity must be carefully planned; blind experimentation is dangerous. Every faction must be represented and under the wing of the Foundation, but it must not be an inter-fraternity conference or anything of the sort. The leaders must realize that indifference cannot be met with indifference. We can learn lessons from the missionary. We must serve and then, and only then, can we teach. Co-operation there must always be between the various Jewish agencies. Menorah has much to offer in Jewish cultural activities. Menorah can supply lecturers, and syllabi, and its excellent Journal, and many other cultural resources. The local rabbis can

keep up the interest of the graduate after it has been awakened by the Foundation. Perhaps it will not be many years before Jewish students from universities all over the country will be meeting to discuss the problems that comfort the youth of Jewry. Our councils will have young blood and freshened energy. We read of the Jewish students of Italy meeting together; why not those of America?

The possibilities of Hillel are without limitation. The problem is plain; the solution is apparent. The B'nai B'rith is making possible an excellent beginning. From the students at the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations of today will come the leaders for those of tomorrow. But besides Foundation leaders, and more important, there will be willing and trained workers to maintain Judaism, men and women who will in their businesses and professions, reaffirm the teachings of Israel and hold up proudly the teachings of their fathers.

A Half-Page of Communications

Chicago, Ill., July 27, 1925.

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE,
Gentlemen:

I have decided to purchase a new automobile, but I did not know what kind until I saw the "ad" for the Packard automobile on the last page of your May issue. In order to patronize your subscribers, I went to the Packard Agency in Logan Square and purchased a new Packard.

This is merely to show that I like to patronize the B'nai B'rith advertisers.

Yours truly,

H. S. LANDFIELD.

CONNECTICUT STATE PRISON
Wethersfield

H. K. W. SCOTT, Warden

B'nai B'rith Pub. Co.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed herewith find check for \$1.00 for which please send the above named publication to No. 4552 Singer for 12 months.

Kindly send receipted bill and designate whom same is for.

Yours truly,

H. K. W. SCOTT,

Warden.

Leon L. Lewis,
Editor B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

I picked up and read "Staircase Thoughts" by Dr. Joel Blau in your

July issue. Dr. Blau hits the nail most squarely when he says, "I want to be a Jew—but know not how."

I am an American-born, from immigrant parents and must confess what little spiritual training I have received has made me almost agnostic. I am interested, as I have three small boys and my hope is that when they reach a University, the Hillel Foundation will be so advanced they will absorb the proper spiritual values.

MORTON D. BARKER,

Springfield, Ill.

July 10, 1925.

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir:

The undersigned, like many of your other readers, reads your magazine from start to finish, and I will say that each and everyone of the contributors handles his subject in a most excellent manner.

However, one of your newer contributors, Sarah Goldberg, is especially interesting, in view of the fact that the subject handled by her is not so well known by the laymen. If you could give us some more of that, I am sure your legion of readers would coincide with the writer of this, that it is indeed highly interesting.

Yours truly,

JOS. SAENGER,

Belleville, Ill.

July 27, 1925.

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE,

Dear Editor:

Through your courtesy I have received quite a few copies of your magazine. Your magazine as a whole is able, well edited, and has been most helpful to me in keeping me in touch with the vital men and expression of thought in Jewry throughout.

At present I am a patient in a sanatorium here and have interested each and everyone of the Jewish faith here in your magazine and they never cease singing their praise of your wonderful paper.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH MORRIS,

Mount McGregor, New York.

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE,
Gentlemen:

We wish to thank you for your magazine which we have received for the past year. We have enjoyed the magazine very much and have found it most useful. It is greatly appreciated by the public.

Sincerely yours,

ALICE R. GLADDEN,

Public Librarian,

Carthage, Missouri.

B'nai B'rith News Notes

DISTRICT GRAND LODGE No. 1

Brooklyn, N. Y., Brooklyn Lodge: In addition to its regular work, Brooklyn Lodge No. 753 specializes in Big Brother work, a most important branch of philanthropy not given much attention by other Jewish organizations.

It has a very active big brother committee of ninety-five men under the chairmanship of Samuel Stark, and a special big brother fund with Jacob I. Krause, treasurer. This fund is maintained by subscriptions and by benefit performances, the annual benefit at the Hippodrome being the most important social event of the Lodge.

The Big Brother committee is in close co-operation with the Children's Court, where it maintains a paid representative, who also performs duties as field secretary, and who interviews over 200 cases monthly. In addition, he supervises about 300 cases of delinquents annually in co-operation with the volunteer Big Brothers of the committee.

The Big Brother committee maintains a Boy Scout supervisor who directs seven troops of about thirty-two boys each—mainly delinquents. The boys' equipment and rent for meeting places are financed by the committee.

Their work is mainly of a preventative character. It looks after the boy who is unhappy or unfortunate because of home environment or for other reasons, assigns a big brother to befriend him, gets him a job if he is old enough to work, enrolls him in a Boy Scout troop if he is young enough, provides a two weeks' summer vacation for delinquents, co-operates in the maintenance of a mental clinic and in a fresh air camp at Sussex, New Jersey, for under-nourished boys and girls between the ages of 6 and 11. Each child enjoys a four weeks' vacation, is medically examined before admission and scientifically supervised by resident doctors and nurses, a camp director and counsellors. One hundred sixty children a day are accommodated over a period of nine weeks.

The few who pass through the Children's Court because of petty transgressions receive particular attention of our field secretary and Big Brothers so as to develop them into useful citizens.

New York, N. Y., Henry Jones Lebanon Lodge: At the joint Flag Day celebration given by Henry Jones Lebanon Lodge and its auxiliary on June

11, T. C. T. Grain, justice of the Supreme Court, and the Rev. Carl Barnet delivered interesting addresses. Music was furnished by the Hebrew Orphan Asylum. Refreshments were served to 56 boys of the Orphan Asylum. The program was arranged by Miss Amy H. Lewis, president of the auxiliary.

New York, N. Y., Jordan Lodge: President Rosenfeld of Brooklyn Lodge highly praised the efficiency of the work of the Jordan Lodge Degree Team which initiated a class of candidates at a meeting held in Brooklyn on June 4.

New York, N. Y., Manhattan-Washington Lodge and Brooklyn Lodge: Bertram A. Aufesser, newly-elected President of District No. 1, addressed members of the B'nai B'rith at a reception tendered him under auspices of both lodges, June 10.

New York, N. Y., Manhattan-Washington Lodge: An entertainment was held for inmates of the Home for the Aged at Yonkers, on Sunday, June 7. A novel program was furnished by the Harmonica Orchestra and the Girls' Glee Club of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

DISTRICT GRAND LODGE No. 2

Denver, Colo., Denver Lodge: At the Flag Day celebration, June 14, Honorable Tyson S. Dines was the principal speaker.

On June 28, the first of a series of open forum meetings was held. The subject, "Will Zionism Settle the Jewish Question?" was opened by Brother Joseph S. Shatzke.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Cincinnati Lodge: Flag Day was celebrated with an open meeting on June 14. Brother Sidney G. Kusworm was the principal speaker. Rabbi Michael Aaronsohn, a World War veteran, presented a beautiful silk flag.

DISTRICT GRAND LODGE No. 4

Seattle, Wash., Seattle Lodge: An "Old Clothes Social" was held on June 24, the "old clothes" being distributed among the city's needy. Admission charge was one bundle of old clothes, or two dollars. The program consisted of an address, delegates' reports to the Grand Lodge Convention, radio, musical and dance numbers. A public initiation and social program were held on July 1; addresses were delivered by Rabbi Joseph Wise and Samuel Koch.

San Francisco, Calif., San Francisco Lodge: A class of candidates known

as the "President's Honor Class" was initiated on June 8. Special entertainment was offered and a buffet supper served. At its second meeting in June, Flag Day exercises were held. Past-President Milton Marks addressed the lodge on "America" and a musical program followed. During June, the lodge held four popular lectures on American Citizenship, at which Judge Sylvain J. Lazarus, Edgar C. Levy, Milton Marks and Harry K. Wolff were the speakers.

Sacramento, Calif., David Lubin Lodge: Twenty-five candidates were initiated on June 23. The degree team of San Francisco Lodge performed the initiatory work. The Lodge, in conjunction with Mary Salomon Auxiliary, held its annual picnic on June 28.

DISTRICT GRAND LODGE No. 6

Chicago, Illinois, Chicago Lodge: A Flag Day celebration was held on June 15. The speaker of the evening was the Rev. Sidney J. Morrison.

CANADA

Toronto, B. C., Toronto Lodge: The Lodge gave a picnic on June 3 at which 450 Jewish boys were entertained. The Summer Camp for Boys is again in operation this year and it is expected that the success of last year will be surpassed.

ENGLAND

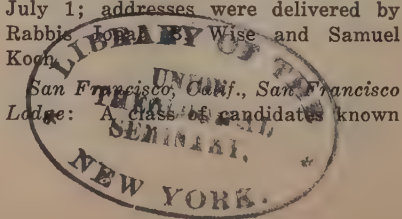
London, England, First Lodge of England: The annual general meeting and election of officers and council were held on July 12.

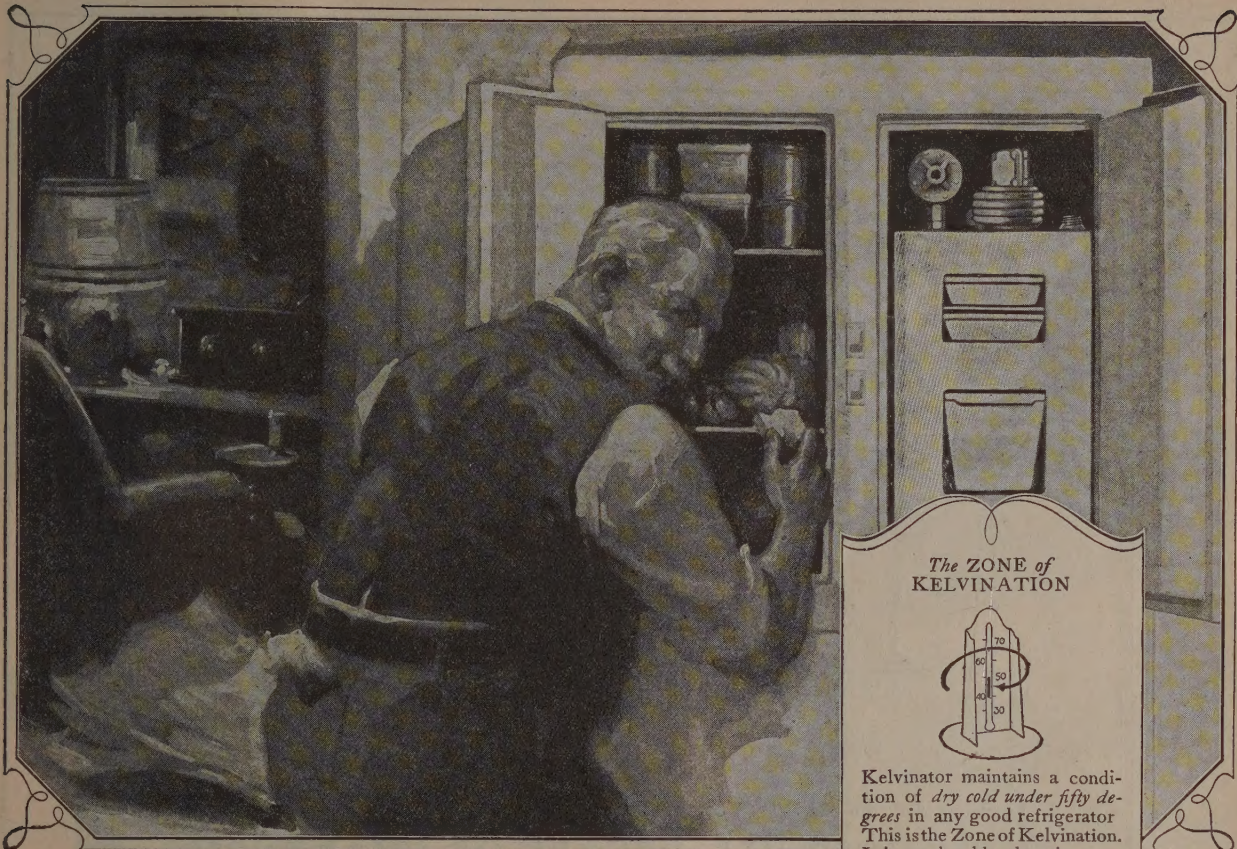
DISTRICT GRAND LODGE CONVENTION

Expansion of its educational program, the launching of a \$75,000 campaign for a new infirmary and the beginning of a movement to establish a Hillel Foundation on the Pacific Coast were features of the annual convention of District Grand Lodge No. 4, in San Francisco, June 16 to 18.

The District Grand Lodge decided to send speakers on Jewish cultural subjects to every lodge on the Pacific Coast, with a committee, headed by Dr. Rudolph I. Coffee.

Daniel Alexander was unanimously elected president and Maurice L. Rapheld, first vice president. Other elections: Second vice president, Z. Swett; court of appeals, Elliott Epstein, Henry Schwartz, M. J. Finkelstein, Arthur W. Jonas and Julian Cohn; sergeant-at-arms, Herman Levy; messenger, Samuel Flyshacker.





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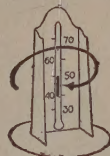
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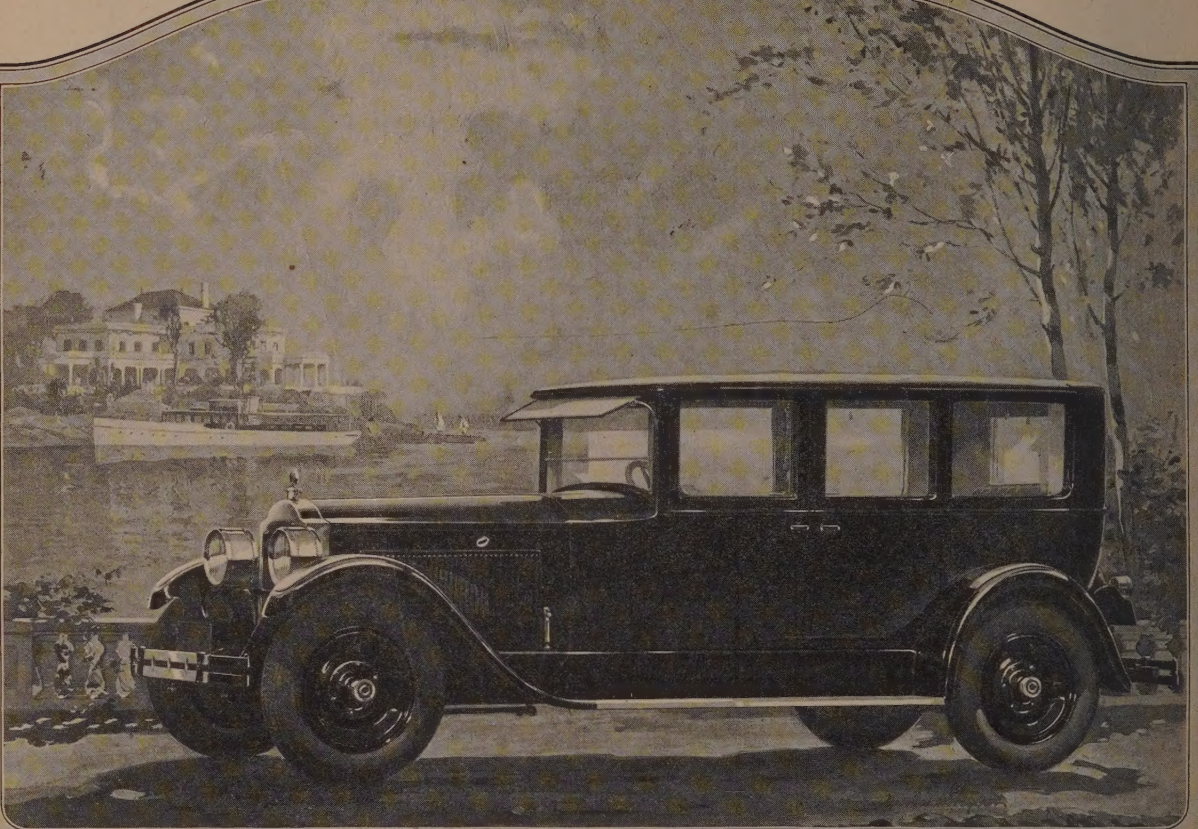
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